

God's Revenge
Against the
Crying and Execrable
SIN OF
ADULTERY,
Express'd in Ten several
Tragical Histories.

S H E W I N G

The Various Stratagems, Subtile Practices, and
Deluding Oratory, used by many Gentlemen, to
seduce *Young Ladies* to their Unlawful Pleasures.

To which are Added

The Triumphs of CHASTITY.

In some Heroick EXAMPLES, and
Delightful HISTORIES.

*The whole Illustrated with several Elegant Epittles,
relating to Love and Galantry, and proper
Cuts to each History.*

By JOHN REYNOLDS.

L O N D O N

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God's Revenge

Against the Licentious and Detestible
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A D U L T E R Y.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING given you an Account in the former Book, of the dreadful Judgments of God, upon those bloody Wretches, who have been guilty of that crying Sin of Murder; in this I will present you with the miserable Examples of Adultery: A Crime so odious to God and Man, that whatever Names we may gloss it over with, hath been always attended with sad and lamentable Consequences. It has been the Opinion of some, that the *Forbidden Fruit in the midst of the Garden*, which God Almighty, by his especial Command, so strictly prohibited, and the Devil tempted *Eve* withal, was no other than Carnality; what Exceptions this may admit of, I shall not now dispute; but God, in his great Mercy, hath since taken pity of our Frailties, and not only permitted that Pleasure, but sanctified it by the solemn Union of Matrimony, taken from it all Filthiness, and made our very Lust pure and immaculate. Chastity and Lust, are so profess'd Enemies to one another, that they can never live together in the same Subject, no more than Day and Night, Light and Darkness; the first is a bright and resplendent

Vertue, the other a raging and devouring Vice: Chastity makes us Glorious as the Angels; Lust, deform'd as Devils. Love is the *Intelligence* that gently moves the Soul from innocent Desires to chaste Embraces; but Incontinence is the Devil's *Incendiary*, which first fires us with unlawful Flames, and then violently hurries us over all the sacred Boundaries of Modesty, Justice and Religion, to satisfy the impious Cravings of one burning Lust. I could here enlarge on the sacred Institution of Marriage in *Paradise*, the noble Royalties it is endowed with, and how *Adam*, no sooner beheld the Light and Glory of the Sun, but he saw the Brightness and Illustrious Beauty of a Wife; how Chastity is as unlimited as Lust, and that we have as many glorious Examples of the one, as Prodigies of the other; that the Name of *Judith* is yet fam'd by her Continenence, whilst the Memory of *Lais* is preserved by her Ignominy; that the Infatiate *Messalina* was not more the Scandal, than the chaste *Lucretia* the Honour of her Sex, who flew from the hot Embraces of the lustful *Tarquin*, to the cold Arms of Death for Refuge, her purer Soul now loath'd that Body which had suffered the Pollutions of the Ravisher, and with an undaunted Courage opened the Door to Death, and lodg'd the fatal Steel in her yet unspotted Breast. But I should expatiate too far, you shall here find variety of Examples in the following Histories, a Chast *Imbrigia*, and a Lascivious *Helda*, as loose, as her Sister Continent; where I hope the beautiful Character of the one, will attract thy Imitation of her Vertue, and the Deformity of Vice in the other, deter thee from the Commission of that Sin, which often imprints its own Punishment on the Offender, (*viz.* the Venereal Disease) but if he is so happy to escape the *Brand* of his own Iniquity here, the Terrors of an evil Conscience will be his constant Executioner, as the Devil his *Tormentor* hereafter. But I proceed to the History.

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Dribellus and Petronella.

A GRECIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY I.

Dribellus courts Petronella, and deflowers her, she is afterwards married to Polissus: By the means of Morella, her Waiting-Woman. Dribellus commits Adultery with her, which is discovered by Pareta, Polissus cuts off Dribellus his Members, scourges Morella, and Petronella is condemned to the Punishment of the Radish, of which she dies.

T*Thessaly in Greece, (which so oft has been the happy Subject of the Poet's Song) is no less celebrated for its lofty Mountains, whose aspiring Heads surmount the Clouds, than for its fruitful Plains, the Riches and Delight of the Industrious Shepherd ; in which fam'd Oeta shares equal Honour with towring Olympus, and the well spread Taurus ; not far from the Foot of Oeta, are yet some Remains of that Glorious City, once called Hypata, where*

Patricius Castriot, a Gentleman of ancient Family and large Demesns, lived in Honour and Reputation, from whom the Noble *Scanderbeg*, that Scourge and Terror of the *Turks*, derived his Pedigree. This Gentleman had one only Child, a Daughter called *Petronella*, a young Lady of admirable Beauty, in which she not more excell'd all others of her Sex, than in the Perfections of her Mind, which Bounty of Heaven, her careful Father still endeavoured to improve by the most learned Masters of all Sciences that Age afforded.

Amongst others, *Dribellus* a young Gentleman, who had been educated under *Miletus*, Bishop of *Theffalonica*, was entertained by him, with the Promise of a generous Reward, to instruct his Daughter in *Rhetorick*, in which he particularly excelled; the good Father resolving she should want no Accomplishment that Art could furnish her with, to render her the most compleat Pattern of Vertue and Learning, and the only *Phanix* of her Age and Sex. The Care and Industry of *Dribellus* was soon discovered by the great Improvement of his Pupil, which *Patricius* was no less sensible of, and constantly encouraged with his bountiful Hand. Twelve Months were now passed, in which *Dribellus* by his obliging Behaviour, had equally charm'd the tender Affections of *Petronella*, and won the good Opinion of her Father and Mother, both highly commended his modest Carriage and sweetness of Temper, from whose indefatigable Pains, they hoped to reap those great Advantages his studious Labours so fairly promised.

The constant Society of *Dribellus* with *Petronella*, had now endear'd them to each other, and the unhappy Flames of Love warm'd their Breasts with mutual Kindness and Respect, which *Dribellus* no sooner discovered by the languishing Looks of *Petronella*, but he rejoiced, if possible, to raise a future Fortune there, where at first, he only expected a present Support and Maintainance. To this End he courted all Opportu-

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nities to enjoy her Company, and frequently exchanged his Lectures of *Rhetorick*, for the more pleasing Discourses of *Love*, which he soon found were no less acceptable to his *Mistress*, than the other had been grateful to his *Pupil*. Thus they continued for some time, courting each other with Amourous Glances and Melancholly Sighs, the dumb but powerful *Rhetorick* of bashful Lovers; till at last *Dribellus* in exprefs Terms, discovered his Passion to her, at which she seemed very much surprized, but having recovered her self, told him, she had been always very sensible of his great Respects to her, in those diligent Instructions she received from him, which tho' she was in no Capacity to retaliate, she would never forget; and hoped the Bounty and Generosity of her Parents would in some measure answer his Merits, whilst she could only reward him with a thankful Acknowledgement. *Dribellus*, who well knew the great Wit of *Petronella*, could not mistake the true sense and meaning of his Discourse, though her Prudence and Modesty diverted it to another Subject, presently reply'd, *Dribellus has no such haughty Thoughts of his past Service, to think he ever could oblige the fair Petronella, or in the least deserve a return of that sincere Affection he professes to her. I love my fairest Petronella; I love; and no Reward is valuable with me but what gives me your Heart, or robs me of my Life; if your Kindness bids me live, I live your Servant; or your Frown at the same Minute, commands me to die your Martyr.*

Petronella blush'd, and what Modesty would not suffer her to utter in Words, she spoke in her languishing Eyes, and abrupt Sighs, *Live, Dribellus live, and let that cruel Maid be for ever forsaken, who bids her Lover die.* At this *Dribellus* took Heart, and pursued his Amours with so vigorous an Attack, that the Lady made a willing Surrender, and promised that the Heart he had so bravely conquered, should ever be the Trophy, of his Victory.

Dribellus having thus gain'd an Assurance of *Petronella's* Affections, endeavour'd by all means, to fix it beyond the Power or Cause of ill Fortune, and accordingly some few Days after, finding *Petronella* in the Garden, began an Assault upon her Vertue, with all the specious Pretensions of Affection that Love could inspire him with. *Petronella*, who had already yielded up her Heart to *Dribellus*, thought the sacred Trust of her Honours might be repos'd in the same Breast, with equal Security. Thus with kind Caresses, and wanton Dalliances, did this subtle Thief rob her of the Flower of her Virginity, and with the Sighs and Denials of a languishing Maid, she at last exchanged the native Innocence of her Soul, and Vertue of her Mind, for Shame, Folly and Dishonour: This was the first Step they made in those crooked Paths of Wickedness, which they afterwards so much delighted in, who, by the frequent Repetition of their unlawful Pleasures, were now grown so careless and secure, as if they gloried in their Sins, and were neither sensible of their Shame, nor apprehensive of the Punishment, which, with a silent Pace, constantly pursues the lustful Criminal.

Before this was discovered by any of her Relations, a young Gentleman, who lived at *Larissa*, (the Birth-place of *Achilles*, not far from *Oeta*) whose Name is *Polissus*, the eldest Son of *Abridatus*, a Gentleman of very considerable Estate and Family, was recommended to her Father, as a Person who would be a very suitable Match for his Daughter, who, with a very handsome Equipage, was now come over to *Hypata* to court her. Fame had spoke loud of the Perfections of *Petronella*, both in Body and Mind, and after some days Converse found himself absolutely conquered by the Charms of her Wit and Conversation, which were more irresistible than those of her Face and Beauty, in both which she appear'd so illustrious, that *Polissus* was straight made a Prisoner by her, and fast fettered in the golden Chains of Love.

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Love. This gave the Lovers an unexpected Disturbance, who with Sighs and Tears express the present Trouble and Anguish of their Minds, they curse the coming of *Polissus*, and charge him as the sole Author of their Unhappiness and Misery: *Dribellus* looks on him with Envy, and *Petronella* with disdain; she could not willingly afford him one amorous Glance, all her Smiles were counterfeited, and the best Entertainment she could give him was upon Force and Constraint, whilst he sighs and throws himself at her Feet, without moving her to the least Pity and Compassion; but *Polissus* grew daily into the Favour of her Parents, though he found little Progress in the Heart of the Daughter; and although *Patricius* himself interposed his Paternal Authority to recommend him to her Affections, told her of his Riches, and fair Possessions, the Nobility of his Family, and his Personal Endowments, yet she slighted and contemned him, and one Day told her Mother, that though she did allow *Polissus* to be a compleat Gentleman, yet it was impossible for her to act so great a Violence upon her self, as to force her Affections to love that Person she ever had an Aversion to, and should think her self more happy in the cold Arms of Death, than in the Embraces of that Husband that she could not affect. The Mother moved with the Tears of her Daughter, took pity on her, but her Father being of a more stern and austere Nature, grew enraged at her Denial, and was so far from admitting her impertinent Reasonings, that he resolved to force her to Compliance, and not suffer her longer to resist his Will and Pleasure, and to that End dispatched a Messenger to *Abri-datus*, *Polissus* his Father, in order to settle all things for the intended Marriage.

Patricius finding all his Endeavours fruitless, and his Daughter so perverse and obstinate, that neither his Threats could force her, or his Endearments win her, began to consider with himself what could be the true Cause of her Contumacy and Dislike; he saw
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nothing in the Person or Behaviour of *Poliffus*, but what might render him acceptable to a Maid not prepossess'd with the Love of another : He knew he had kept her strictly at Home under his own Care and Government, and that her Youth had hitherto defended her from all Insinuations of that Nature ; nor could his Thoughts fix upon any Person thereabouts, that could give him the least umbrage of Suspicion, much less did he imagine *Dribellus* was that Thief, who had robb'd his Daughter of her Heart, so great an Opinion had he of his Vertue and Honesty. But his Wife, who best knew the Temper of her own Sex, so narrowly watched all the Actions and Gestures of *Petronella*, that she soon discovered the Kindness and Familiarity that was between the Master and the Scholar ; but (like a prudent Woman) she did not immediately acquaint her Husband with it, and publish to the World the Folly of her Daughter, but watched an Opportunity that she might take them together, and reprove them of that Folly which would certainly be attended with Misery and Repentance.

It happened not long after, that *Dribellus* and *Petronella* being retired into a Grove of *Olives*, which, by the privacy and recluseness of it, had been the frequent Scene of their dishonest Pleasures, the Mother followed them at a distance, and in the midst of those ravishing Delights they entertain'd each other with ; she cryed out, and appeared to the two Lovers in the very Extasie and Rapture of their Lust. It is here impossible to describe the horror and amazement the two Lovers were in, to see themselves surprized in this wanton Posture ; the sight of her Mother was more terrible to them, than that of a *Basiliſk*, the Lightning of her Eyes, and the Thunder of her Voice, pierced their Breasts, and cleft their Hearts asunder. In this Posture they continued a while, without being able to say one Word in excuse of themselves, or the notoriousness of that Fact which was too apparent to be deny'd ; till at last *Dribellus* began to
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speak in Justification of himself and the afflicted *Petronella*, charging all the Blame on the Power and Force of Love, and the rigorous Indiscretion of *Patricius*, who would compel *Petronella* to marry *Polissus*, whom she could never love. *Petronella*, with Shame and Confusion in her Face, begs her Mother's Pardon and Forgiveness with Tears and Sighs, who taking her by the Hand, led her to her Chamber, where, after she had severely reprehended her with the Guilt and Ignominy of such dissolute Pleasures, she lock'd her up, and there left her to her own Meditations; and went directly to her Father and told him that she had discovered an Intrigue of Love between *Dribellus* and *Petronella*, which was the Cause of her Aversion to *Polissus*, without discovering that Secret which would for ever have blasted the Honour of her Daughter, and branded their Family with an indelible Mark of Shame and Infamy. *Patricius* heard this Relation with Grief and Astonishment, and at the desire of his Wife, resolved to turn off *Dribellus* with all Speed, and that no particular Notice should be taken, at the same time to discharge all other Masters, she being now to be married, and to go and live with her Husband at *Larissa*.

Dribellus wondered much that he was only discharged, and no other Punishment inflicted on him, which he could not attribute to the Clemency of *Patricius*, but his Ignorance of that Crime he was guilty of; which he supposed the Prudence of his Wife had concealed from him, who otherwise would have been as severe in his Revenge, as the Heinousness of so great a Fault did justly deserve.

Polissus receiving fresh Encouragement from *Patricius* of Success in his Amours, returns to *Hypata*, where he finds *Petronella* much altered in her Temper and Respects to him, and now fairly promises himself the Happiness of consummating the Espousals with his beautiful Mistress, he so earnestly coveted; which to the great Satisfaction of himself and all his Friends,

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(but the unhappy *Petronella*) were solemniz'd with all imaginable Pomp and Splendor. Two Months after, he took his leave of *Patricius*, and returned to *Larissa* with his Bride, where his Father received them with the Expressions of a hearty Welcome ; and *Petronella* demean'd her self with that Duty and Respect, that she was both belov'd and admir'd of all. Who would not now think *Petronella* is intirely happy, and might live the contentedst Woman in the World? But alas, where Grace and Vertue do not strew the Wedding with Flowers and Garlands, *Hymen* is attended with Furies, and his Saffron Rope dipt in Gall ; the Happiness of Marriage, is the Union of two Hearts, not the Conjunction of two Bodies, and where the Sincerity of Affection is wanting, all Vows and Contracts, are frail and brittle Tyes. The Memory of *Dribellus*, and those unlawful Pleasures she had so often repeated in his Arms, now afresh attack'd her, and nothing could please her lascivious Thoughts, but the Hopes she might once again see her beloved Paramour ; when unexpectedly she received a Letter from him to this Purpose.

Dribellus to Petronella,

M*y dearest Petronella, the Life and Joy of my Soul, I die for you, and languish after you, my Life ; since I am banished from your Presence, (which is more intolerable to me than the severest Death.) I cannot live without a Sight of you ; for which Reason I am privately come to Larissa, and shall wait your Directions how I may once more be happy in the Enjoyment of your Company, which if you forbid me, you strike a Dagger to my Heart, which now bleeds for you. Your Answer is my Sentence of Life or Death, which I impatiently wait for, and if you ever loved I now beg your Pity on the most unhappy and forlorn*

Dribellus.

Petronella was overjoy'd at the Receipt of this Letter,

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Hift. I. *Dribellus and Petronella.* 15

Letter, and immediately returned an Answer, desiring him to be at the Garden Door at five that Evening, where she would expect his coming. But poor *Petronella*, thou wilt dearly rue this Sight, and too late be sensible that the Pleasures of Sin are compounded of the bitterest Ingredients. The Hour being come, *Petronella* ordered her Waiting-Woman *Marella*, to attend at the Garden Door and conduct *Dribellus* into an Arbour, where the Transports of Joy betwixt the two Lovers are inexpressible; they met with equal Ardour and Affection, bewailed one anothers Destiny, and cursed the Tyranny of Parents, who often consult more their own Intetest, than the Happiness and Satisfaction of their Children, in such forc'd Marriages, which often prove most fatal in their Consequence. At last (*Marella* being made one of their Council) it was agreed that *Dribellus*, who was scarce known to *Polissus*, should put himself into the Habit of a Servant, and under the feigned Name of *Cotys* be admitted into the Family to look after the Wardrobe, which Place was now vacant. *Dribellus* was accordingly entertained, whilst *Polissus* never suspects the Snake he lodg'd in his Bosom, nor the Thief he harboured in his House; and now *Cotys* thinks himself happy, hugs his own Ingenuity, and imagins himself blessed and fortunate. In this Manner the two Lovers live together, take hold of all Opportunities to converse together, and enjoy each other; no Clouds appeared to interrupt their Joy, and all things ran with a smooth and even Current. Among the many Servants they kept, there was a Maid called *Paretta*, who fell desperately in Love with *Cotys*, would never be out of his Company, and at last grew so troublesome to him, that he was forced to slight and disrespect her, that he might rid himself of her Importunity. This she took in evil Part, and supposing the Reason of his Unkindness to her, was the Love he had for some other Person, narrowly watched him; and at last discovered the

the Kindness and Familiarity between him and *Petronella*.

Paretta, who resolved to be revenged on her hated Rival, watched all Opportunities to take them together, believing she should find them unchaste in their Dalliances, which accordingly fell out not long after; when seeing *Morella* one Evening go into the Garden and *Cotys* immediately follow, she made haste after them, and found the Door fast on the inside, which the more increased her Suspicion; and remembering there lay a short Ladder in the Barn, by the help of it mounted the Garden Wall, and privately conveyed her self near the Arbour where she saw *Cotys* and *Morella* (who were talking together) and presently after her Lady, descending on a Ladder made of Ropes, from a Balcony into the Garden, whom *Cotys* presently led into a close Arbour of Jessamines at the further end of which they Caress'd each other with amorous Embraces, whilst *Morella*, waiting at a distance, watch'd the Doors and Windows to prevent a Discovery.

The next day *Paretta*, pleased with the opportunity she now had of being revenged on the disdainful *Cotys*, acquaints *Polissus* with the Infidelity of *Cotys*, and Treachery of *Petronella*, who had thus shamefully abused his Honour, and prostituted herself to his Servant and Slave. *Polissus* struck with the horror of this Relation, examines her o'er and o'er, finds no disagreement in her Tale, but too much reason to believe the truth of it, and now fears this was some former Lover of hers in disguise. To discover the certainty thereof, he acquainted an intimate and familiar Friend with it, and by his advice pretending one Evening to walk abroad upon a Visit, they secretly conveyed themselves into the Garden, where they lay close and undiscovered. Two hours after entered *Cotys* and *Morella*, and presently after *Petronella* descended from the Balcony by the same Ladder of Ropes. Their ears were the first witnesses of their Amorous Parly, and it was not long before their eyes

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discovered their Filthiness, when in the midst of their lustful Pleasures, they surprized them with their glittering Scymiters in their hands, which struck the Lovers with a horror and consternation, beyond the power of words to express. *Petronella* implor'd nothing but present Death from his own hands, which he had not Mercy enough to give, but reserv'd her for a more infamous and shameful end. Turning his Eyes from her, with all the passionate Expressions of Abhorrence and Detestation, he called in his Servants and order'd them to bind *Dribellus*, who was immediately Dismembered before her Face, and thrust out of Doors to seek his Fortune. *Morella* was stript and bound to a Tree, and scourged with the Twigs of Hazle, till the Skin was flead off from her Back, and then banished the City; *Petronella* was carried to her Chamber, where she continued Prisoner till the next Morning, when she was brought before the Magistrates, and upon evident Proof of the Adultery, was condemned to undergo the *Raphination*, or Punishment of the Radish, which in those Countries grow to a great magnitude, which they force up their Bodies. Thus the wretched *Petronella* suffered, when she had in vain begged to be Strangled. and dyed the most ignominious and shameful Death the Art of Man could invent.

Petronella dyed very penitent, confessing the wickedness of her Crime, and begging pardon of her Husband, was both pitied by him, and much lamented by all who knew the Quality of her Birth and vertuous Education.

Thus we see the Tragical end of unlawful Pleasure, which, like the Apples of Sodom, appear fair and beautiful to the Eye; promise a Thousand Happinesses by their bewitching outside and false appearances, but within are either nothing but rottenness, or upon the first touch, crumble into Dust, and leave us to Shame and Misery here, and eternal Damnation hereafter.

Castiucchio



Castruccio and Gloriana.

An ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY II.

The Count of Varini marries with Gloriana a young Gentlewoman of incomparable Beauty, contracted to Castruccio; Varini apprehends Castruccio in Bed with Gloriana, and kills him, cuts off his Head and makes her drink out of his Skull, and afterwards eat up his Heart, who the next morning was found dead in her Bed.

AT Venice, the Beauty of Italy, which is the Garden of Europe, in the Reign of Leonardo Donato that Noble Duke of Venice, Famous for banishing the Jesuits, and opposing the intrusions of the Popish See, and fulminations of Paulus Quintus in the just defence and maintenance of the Priviledges and Prerogatives of the Seignory, lived Pedro Giovanni, Count of Varini. He was a Gentleman no less Eminent for the many

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many Services he had done the State, than admir'd for his Vertues: He was Honoured with the Title of Count, but much more Illustrious in the rich Endowments of a noble Mind; to all which was added a large Estate and plentiful Revenues, which gave Lustre and Support to the Royalty of his House, and Grandeur of his Family. *Varini* was now arrived to the Sixtieth Year of his Age, and being desirous to retire from the Troubles and Cares that constantly attend publick Employments, left the Crowded Streets of *Venice* for the quiet and recess of a Country Life, and presently taking leave of his Friends, went to his Castle at *St. Brien*, about 30 *Italian* Miles distant from *Venice*, where he passed his time in the pleasant Diversion of those Rural Sports he was ever delighted in. It happened one day, as he was abroad in the Field with several other Gentleman who were his daily Companions in his Country Recreations, his Falkner discovered a large Heron upon the Wing, whereupon *Varini* immediately ordered him to try the Courage of his Hawk if he durst fasten on so bold an Enemy. After several bickerings in the Air, to the great satisfaction of the Spectators, the Conflict remain'd doubtful, till at last the Hawk impatient in the Conquest of his stubborn Adversary, redoubled his force and struck him to the Ground, who fell into the Garden of Seignior *Berinto*, whither they all hastened to the assistance of the Hawk, and seizure of their Game. *Berinto* understanding that the Count of *Varini*, with several other Gentlemen of Quality, were gone into his Garden, followed after, where he found them taking up the Heron, yet alive, tho' disabled; all the Company highly commended the Courage and Strength of his Hawk, which *Varini* seemed very much pleased at, and being invited into the House by *Berinto* was nobly Treated, where he first saw the matchless *Gloriana*, to whom, with all the Expressions of Respect and Kindness, he presented the Heron, which she with equal Grace and Courtesie received.

Berinto

Berinto was a Gentleman of Honourable Extract, whose great Grandfather had been Duke of *Venice*, and he himself a considerable Merchant there, but having suffered great Losses at Sea, and particularly in one Ship, whose *Cargo* was valued at near 100000*l*. which was taken by the *Corsairs* of *Algiers*, in the Wars between the *Turks* and *Venetians*, he left off Merchandizing, and betook himself to the happy and peaceable Solitude of his Country House at *Vernon*, a League from *St. Brien*, where he spent his days free from the dangerous blasts of inconstant Fortune: He had one Daughter named *Gloriana* the Paragon of her Sex, in whom Vertue and Beauty were equally eminent, and being now of the Age of 21, by the consent and approbation of her Father, was contracted to *Seignior Castrucchio*, a young Gentleman of a Neighbouring Village, who being lately returned from his Travels in *France* and *England*, desired no other repose of his future Happiness, but what he should find in the soft Embraces of the Beautiful *Gloriana*. But alas! in vain do we seek for a perfect and establish'd Happiness amongst the fading Joys of this uncertain World, in the midst of our greatest security, we are on the brink of Danger; and those Blessings we catch at are but the Shadows of what we mistake them for, and either delude us in our vain pursuit, or ruin us in the fatal enjoyment of them. *Varini* having pay'd his Thanks to *Berinto* for his generous Reception and splendid Entertainment, took his leave of him, inviting him over to *St. Brien*, and telling him, that as such a fortunate Accident had made him happy in his Acquaintance, he would study all Opportunities to improve it, and he hoped they who were so near Neighbours, should be no longer Strangers to one another in their Friendship and Conversation. *Berinto* promised in few days to wait upon him at his Castle in return of the great Honour he had now done him, and that tho' the sense of his Obligations to him, was beyond the power of his present

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Gratitude, yet he would never be wanting in the acknowledgment of that debt he was not able to discharge. Night coming on the Company parted, and *Varini* retired to *St. Brien*, where, being alone, his Thoughts began to reflect on the Beauty of *Gloriana* the elegant Composure of her and the excellent Perfections of her Mind, which had now, made so violent an Assault and deep Impression on his Heart, that his Blood, which had been chill'd by the Cares and Solitudes of sixty Winters, now grew warm and wanton, his Pulse beat vigorously, and all parts grew active and sprightly, so powerful is the strong impulse of Love.

Ten days after *Berinto* came over to make his Complement to the Count, who received him with all the demonstrations of Friendship and Respect, and after he had entertain'd him with a sight of his Castle, the Rarities of his Closet, and the fragrant Curiosities of his Garden, he retir'd into a shady Arbour covered with *Jessamines*, where, after a pleasant Discourse on the great advantages of a true and sincere Friendship, he began an excellent Harangue, in commendation of Love, and the happiness of Marriage, above the Care and Solitude of a single Life, which *Berinto* assented to, saying, *He much wondered that a Person of his Honour and Quality, who wanted nothing to render him compleatly happy, had never yet tasted the Joys of Wedlock, which he had so Passionately extoll'd.* The Count told him, *Amongst all the Beauties of Italy, he but once saw that incomparable Creature worthy of his Affections: And pray my Lord, said Berinto, what then could obstruct the noble Designs of your Love? That Question, says Varini, my dear Berinto, you best can Answer. It is Gloriana, the matchless Gloriana, I love; she alone is the Lady of my Affections, at whose Feet I would prostrate my self and all the Titles of Honour or Fortune I am Master of, to receive the name of Husband from her, more glorious and valuable to me than the Purple Robes of aspiring Senators, or the sparkling Diadems of Eastern Monarchs.* *Berinto* was

not

not a little surpriz'd to hear *Varini*, with so much ardency of Affection, commend his Daughter, nor did he presently know what answer to return; the Ambition of seeing his Daughter so great a Lady, and that breach of Faith which would necessarily attend it, rais'd two different Passions in his Breast, and so far distracted his Thoughts, that *Varini* might easily read the labours and troubles of his Mind in his discomposed Countenance and profound Silence. At last having something recovered himself, he thus replied, *My Lord, the Transcendency of your Goodness, and the noble offer you please to make my Daughter, is so great an Honour to my Family, that I, who am highly sensible of my own demerits, can receive it with no less Transports of Joy and Satisfaction than the Captive does his Freedom, or the condemned Criminal a gracious Reprieve.*

The next day, *Varini* returned *Berinto's* Visit, and made his first Address to *Gloriana*, who being acquainted by her Father, with the great professions of Kindness, the Count had made to him, and his more particular Respect to her, gave him a reception which rather showed her deference and regard to his Quality, than any delight she received from the Courtship of a Lover. However the Count so vigorously pursued his Amours, that in a short time he absolutely gained the Father, and had been no less successful over the Affections of the Daughter, had not her pre-engagement to *Castruccio*, obstructed the Conquest of his Flames, who was fully resolved, that no power should be able to loose that sacred Tye, by which they were so firmly linkt together: Nor should all those empty Titles of Honour, now laid at her Feet, tempt her Heart to Treachery, and prevail upon her to forsake him to whom she had once vow'd eternal Constancy and Fidelity.

Castruccio was soon acquainted by *Gloriana* with the unwelcome News, that the Lord *Varini* was now his Rival in his pretensions to her, which he received with

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much with a Courage undaunted, telling her, *That as no Person of what Quality soever, durst make an attempt upon her Vertue, so he was well assured he would find as cold Entertainment in her Affections; and that she who knew the Honour and Justice of his Cause, was the most fit Person to determine his Right, which the Lord Varini with more Treachery than Gallantry endeavoured to supplant.* Gloriana with repeated Promises gave fresh assurance of a constant and loyal Heart, which all the Charms of Ambition, should never be able to affect with *Levity*, nor the gilded promises of a plentiful Joynture corrupt with *Infidelity*.

But alas! what Heart is so steel'd from all impressions of Vice, that Covetousness and Ambition can make no dint upon it? Love too often softens the most rigid and austere Verue, which once made pliable receives the easie impressions of those Crimes, we at first so boldly scorn'd and detested. This was the case of fair, but inconstant *Gloriana*, the present Temptation of Riches and Honour, were so often presented to her with all the glorious Train of future Blessings, that at last the gawdy show stagger'd her weaker Resolution, and she rather chose the Age and Impotency of a Gouty Lord, than the Youth and Vigour of her faithful *Castrucchio*. In short, the sedulous Addresses of *Varini*, join'd with the powerful Commands of *Berinto*, at last took place, and *Gloriana* consented to the Marriage, which was Solemnized in the Castle of *St. Brien* a Fortnight after, with all the Magnificence and Splendor a generous Bounty was able to express.

Castrucchio was not long before he received intelligence of the fatal News, and a positive confirmation of his own unhappy State by the Treacherous *Gloriana*, which so nearly reach'd his Heart, that he immediately fell into a deep Melancholy, which continued for several Months upon him, and had now brought him into a Consumption, which his Friends apprehending

apprehending the danger of, advised him to remove to *Padua*, the chief University of *Italy*, not far from *Venice*, for change of Air; where we shall leave him to the care of the most able and learned Physicians, and return to *Gloriana*, who has now attained the utmost perfection of that Happiness she had aspired to.

The Count and his Lady lived at *St. Brien*, were Visited and Complemented by all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country, and to all appearance no Persons could be more happy than *Varini* in the Embraces of *Gloriana*, and *Gloriana* in the Love and Endearments of *Varini*: But alas! the fairest Picture hath its shade, and the brightest day is closed by the dark and dismal Night. *Gloriana* had not been married above nine Months, before she grew pale and wan, the Roses of her Cheeks were faded, and the little *Cupids* which formerly danc'd in her Eyes were fled and gone, a cloud of Melancholy sat hovering on her Forehead, and all her Actions and Discourse spoke the Resentments of a troubled and discontented Mind. Her Conversation had now lost that air and briskness she was once so admired for, and all her time was spent in a melancholy Retirement to her Closet, or in the most shady Recesses of her Garden, where she sigh'd away her bitter hours in Complaints to the more happy Birds, who free from the Tyranny of Human Laws, did once a year chuse their own Mates, and in fresh Enjoyments could Bill without controul. *Varini* was passionately concerned to see his beloved *Gloriana* so strangely alter'd, and with all the tender expressions of Love and Kindness endeavoured to expel those Troubles which had seiz'd her Mind; but all in vain, Age had now made him an impotent Physician, and Nature denied him that *Elixir* of Life which could only cure the Longings of a youthful and vigorous Lady. *Gloriana* declined so fast in her Health, that he resolved to remove to *Venice*, in hopes the pleasantness of the Place, and variety of Company, would divert her Melancholy, and restore her to her former Health and Beauty, and accordingly did so. *Va-*

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Varini had not been above three Months there, but *Castrucchio*, who was now perfectly recovered at *Padua*, heard of his return to *Venice*, whither he immediately removed, and waited all Opportunities to get a sight of the Countess, which soon after he effected. Understanding she used to go to *St. Mark's* Chappel to Mass, he constantly paid his Devotions there, where at last he spied her upon her Knees before the High Altar, and not observing the Count, her Husband, or any of her Servants near, went and kneel'd down by her. It is not difficult to guess what Saint he made his Prayers to, nor what was the Subject of his Petition: The Countess was strangely surpriz'd to see *Castrucchio* so near her, and in the midst of his Discourse bid him forbear, and meet her there the next Afternoon at four precisely. *Castrucchio* in the interim suffered all the Torments that variety of Thoughts could rack him with, sometimes blaming her Disloyalty to him, he expected nothing but Scorn and Contempt, and presently, when he considered her first Infidelity, it gave him hopes she might prove as faithless to the Count, whose cold and impotent Embraces could never oblige the craving desires of a youthful Beauty. The hour was now come, and *Castrucchio* impatiently expected the Countess, who presently came and kneeled down in the same place he had seen her before; *Castrucchio* placed himself next to her, who immediately gave him a Note into his hands, wherein he found these Contents following:

Gloriana to Castrucchio.

TO Morrow the Count *Varini* goes to his Castle at *St. Brien*, and at ten in the Morning I will be at the *Franciscan Church*, till then farewell my dear, my dear *Castrucchio*.

Castrucchio was overjoyed at this Assignment, and punctually observed it, where, notwithstanding his diligence, the Countess prevented him, from whence

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they immediately went to the Water-side, and took a Gondola, and so directly to a private Garden of Pleasure, where the recluseness of the place presented them with the opportunity of a more secret Converse. *Castrucchio* could not so prudently stifle his Resentments of *Gloriana's* Inconstancy, but she presently observ'd Discontent in his looks, and by the breaks of his Discourse, that a more fix'd and compos'd trouble was settled in his Heart. Whereupon, *My dear Castrucchio*, says she, *You blame me I know, and presume the Justice of your Cause, will warrant your Reflections on my guilty Breast; I confess I am not so Innocent as I ought to be, yet let not the severity of your Prosecution, exceed the quality of my Offence; if I have wronged your Goodness by my Breach of Faith, let that Goodness now forgive me, and my too late Repentance be my Punishment.* *Gloriana's* Penitence, and *Castrucchio's* Mercy, soon wrought a perfect Reconciliation, and the rest of the time was spent in more pleasant and amorous Entertainments. At Evening they parted, when *Gloriana* told *Castrucchio*, the Visit he promised she'd receive at her own House the next Evening, for she did not expect the Count's Return till ten days after.

Thus they had frequent Interviews, in the absence of the Count, by the assistance of *Fortia*, *Gloriana's* Waiting-Woman, who being privy to the Intrigues of Love between the Countess and *Castrucchio*, was very serviceable to their Amours, by admitting him in the dusk of the Evening, at a back Door into her Lodgings, where they revelled all Night in forbidden Pleasures, little dreaming of those heavy Judgments, which so closely pursued their Adulterous Crimes. The Count was now returned, who observ'd great alterations in the Temper and Behaviour of *Gloriana*, her Humour had now recovered its former Sprightliness, and nothing seemed so dear and obliging to her, as the Embraces of her Husband, which he was extremely pleas'd withal, mistaking that for Love and Kindness

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Kindness in her, which was only a feigned Passion and crafty Disguise, to conceal a more notorious Offence. *Varini* had now continued two Months at *Venice*, whose presence prevented that Familiarity and those frequent Visits the Lady and her Paramour so earnestly coveted, which *Gloriana* much lamented, and by the advice of *Fortia*, resolv'd to remedy. It was agreed that *Gloriana* should counterfeit herself sick, which she did, and prayed *Varini* that Father *Paulo Raquinto*, her Confessor, might be sent for, whose Prayers and Ghostly Counsel she hoped would turn to her great advantage. *Varini* was much grieved at the Sickness of his Lady, and readily granted any request she made; accordingly the Holy Father came daily to visit the Countess, of which *Fortia* gave *Castrucchio* notice, and that it was her Ladies Pleasure that he should put himself into the same Religious Habit, under which Covert he might with safety see her when ever *Varini* was abroad. This design was of great Service to them, for no sooner was *Varini* gone to the Rialto, but *Fortia* gave *Castrucchio* intelligence, who presently came and was admitted without the least mistrust of the Servants. This politick Contrivance for a long time skreen'd the Adulterous Countess from the Suspicions of her Servants, and the Jealousies of *Varini*; who (she appearing now to be with Child) doated on her more than ever; praised his own happiness in a mistaken Blessing, deeming that the strength of his Impotent Age, and the glory of his Grey Hairs, which was the effect of Youthful Lust in his Shameless and Adulterous Wife.

But not long after *Varini* by accident took up a Letter in his Ladies Chamber, and found the Directions of it to Seignior *Castrucchio*; the name startled him extreamly, wond'ring how it should come there; the Contents of it, were Business writ from some Gentleman in the Country; after he had a long time pondered upon the matter, with all the jealous Disquisitions of an *Italian Brain*, he resolved the point, that

this Gentleman was most certainly his Ladies Gallant, and probably the same Person, since the name was so, to whom he too lately understood she had been pre-contracted. The Letter however he concealed, and presuming if there was any such Intrigue that *Fortia* was acquainted with it, the Countess being gone to *Mafs*, he strictly examined her, whom he endeavoured to threaten into a Confession, which she courageously withstood; but at last being tempted with a Purse of *Checquins*, she made that Faith a Slave to Gold, which could not be forc'd by the Terrors of Punishment, and discovered the dangerous Secret, with all its Circumstances. *Varini* received the dismal Story, with horror and amazement, curs'd his own unhappy Fortune, and much more the Treachery of his disloyal Countess; after a little pause he gratified *Fortia* according to his promise, and commanding her to silence, retired to his Closet, where he meditated a Revenge proportionable to his own Injury, and *Gloriana's* Infidelity.

Three days after, he told *Gloriana*, with a smiling Countenance, he must leave her to lye alone that night and go over to *St. Brien* for some Writings he wanted, but would be back the next Evening; and to give a fairer gloss to the Business, and make her more secure, ordered her if Seignior *Boraccio*, the Procurator, came, to give him those Parchments in his Closet, of which that was the Key. *Varini* immediately parted for *St. Brien*, who was no sooner gone, but the Countess sent *Castrucchio* word of it, and desired his Company that night; *Castrucebio*, who had never yet failed her amorous Invitations, was punctual at the hour. *Varini* pretending to his Servants he had forgot something, returned by 11 at night, and went directly up to her Chamber, attended by *Sturio*, a Gentleman that waited upon him, whom he ordered to knock at the door, (which was locked) and say, he had a Letter to the Countess of urgent Business from his Lord *Varini*. The Lovers having wearied themselves with the repetition of their unlawful Pleasures lay fast asleep enchas'd in

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Hist. II. Castrucchio and Gloriana. 29

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30 *God's Revenge against Adultery.*

present torment of a guilty Conscience, was a Punishment more grievous than ten thousand Deaths. The next Morning discovered *Castruccio's* Body, which was found under *Gloriana's* Window, with the Head off, the Breast cut open, and the Heart pull'd out, to the great Wonder and Astonishment of every gazing Passenger. *Varini* went early in the Morning to the Council, and acquainted them with the Circumstances of the Fact, before the Officers of Justice had notice of it acknowledged himself the Author, proved by *Sturio* and *Fortia*, that he found *Castruccio* in Bed with his Lady, and upon that Provocation had taken this severe, but just Revenge, which appearing to be true by the aforefaid Evidence, he was acquitted.

Seven days after *Gloriana* was delivered of a dead Son, whose immature Birth was occasioned by the violence of her Grief and Sorrow, which yet was not powerful enough to end her unhappy days, and put a period to those Miseries, under which she languished. *Varini* seeing the present illness of *Gloriana*, ordered the Head of *Castruccio* to be removed from her sight, the smell of it now growing very offensive, and sometimes used to visit her, and in some measure seemed to remit the severity of his Revenge, and give place to Pitty and Compassion. *Gloriana*, after a Month, was so well recovered, that she walked about her Chamber, and had liberty to take the Air of the Garden, and dine, if she pleased, Publickly with *Varini*, or Privately in her own Chamber, but constantly obliged to drink out of *Castruccio's* skull, which, by the command of the Count, had the flesh boyled off, the brains taken out, and fashioned into the form of a Cup.

Not long after *Varini* meeting *Gloriana* one Evening, walking Solitary in the Gallery, *My Dear*, says he, *I observe you yet continue very Pensive and Melancholy, at which I am much concerned; I have consulted your Physicians in relation to your Health, who have prescribed an Eleſtuary, which you must take this Evening,*

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Evening, an hour before you go to Bed, it will comfort your Spirits, and chear your Heart; which she willingly assented to. At night he brought it to her Chamber himself, and having recommended it to her for the richness of the Ingredients, she eat chearfully of it, and asking if she must take it all at once; *That*, said he, *as you please, Madam, and as you like it, it is the Heart of your beloved Castrucchio, prepared for you with my own hands according to Art*: At which Words she look'd earnestly upon him, saying, *It has all the Qualities of the richest Balsom, and most precious Cordial, 'tis pitty any part of it should be lost*; and as soon as she had eaten it all up, went to rest, and was found next Morning dead in her Bed. But I shall not determine whether her Death was the effect of Passion, in some extraordinary Transport of Joy at the remembrance of her dear *Castrucchio*; or that *Varini* had mixt Poyson in the Composition of his Medicine; and that he might equally temper his Justice and Revenge together, by giving her *Castrucchio's* Lustful Heart, the sweet of her Life, mixt with that bitter Ingredients of Death, to *Varini's* Shame, and *Gloriana's* Punishment. Thus dyed the Inconstant *Gloriana*, and two years after, the Count, having first quitted the troublesome Stage of this World, retired into the Monastery of *St. Francis*, where he assumed a Religious Habit, and spent the short remainder of his Life in constant Prayers, and pious Meditations.

Had humble Vertue been more the Subject of Gloriana's Meditations, than Covetousness or Ambition; her Lustful Heart had never made a forfeiture of Castrucchio's Head; nor his miserable Death been the Shame and Punishment of her Vicious Life.



Don Pedro *and* Paulinta.

A SPANISH HISTORY.

HISTORY III.

Don Roderigo marries Dona Paulinta. Don Pedro de Castello, by the Assistance of John de Blinco, the Astrologer, and Laura her Waiting-Woman, commits Adultery with her. Paulinta upon her delivery of a monstrous Birth, dies. Roderigo runs mad, Don Pedro is branded in the Forehead, Blinco whipt through the Streets of Corduba, and sent to the Mine; and Laura torn in Pieces by Wild Beasts.

AT Corduba in Spain, lived Don Andreo Rametzi, who was a Person very considerable in those Parts, both for his Estate and Quality, and a peculiar Excellency he had in Dispatch of Business of the greatest Moment, in which he was indefatigable: For these Reasons in the Year 1579, he was made Proveditor General, under Don John of Austria, to whose

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Hist. III. Don Pedro and Paulinta. 33

whose Care and Provision, were committed the Arms, Ammunition, and all other Naval Preparations, for that huge *Armada*; which was compleatly furnish'd out in 1588, and design'd for the Invasion of *England*, and utter Exterpation of the Reformed Religion. This Gentleman died in the Year before at *Cales* of a malignant Fever, and left three Sons, of which *Don Roderigo* was the eldest, who upon his Father's Death, being Master of a plentiful Estate, left the Command he had in the Fleet, (upon some Disgust) and returned to *Corduba*; where within a Twelve Month, he was married to *Dona Paulinta*, the only Daughter of *Don Camillo*, a rich and wealthy Citizen. The young Couple lived with great Content and Satisfaction, in their mutual Love and Affection, during the first three Years of their Marriage; but being not yet blest'd with any Children, those desired Fruits of their conjugal Vows, the Discouragements of their vigorous Embraces bred Discontent; and each blam'd the other, for the Want of that Happiness neither could give.

These Differences between *Roderigo* and *Paulinta* increas'd to that Height, that *Roderigo* forsook her Bed, and often with opprobrious Taunts, call'd her *Barren Doe*; all his satyrical Expressions, were still pointed with Reflections on her Sterility; which she unable to bear, with her wonted Patience and Submission, complained to her Relations of the Unkindness of her Husband, and desired their Intercession, often saying, she believed he would be a contented Cuckold, upon Condition he was but a Presumptive Father. These Discords were in some Measure reconcil'd by the Mediation of Friends; but the Occasion of them was now grown the Chat and Entertainment of every Feast, and at last reach'd the Ears of *Don Pedro de Castello*, a young Gentleman, whose extravagant Pleasures had much impair'd his Estate, which oblig'd him to consider of some new Methods of living, to maintain his Port and Quality. He was

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familiarly acquainted with *Roderigo*; and the late Discourses he had heard of the Difference between him and his Wife, rais'd new Designs in his Head of advancing his Fortunes by a Courtship to her, in which his own Hopes, and her present Discontent flatter'd him with Success. To this End he watch'd all Opportunities, to oblige him with some respectful Service; and not long after meeting *Roderigo*, who told him of the late Misfortune he had in hunting, to gore his Horse upon a Stake as he leap'd a Hedge, with the Danger of his own Life; they fell upon a Discourse of the Excellency of the *Spanish* Jennets, their beautiful Shape and Fleetness; in the Close of all *Roderigo* told him he thought no Gentleman in *Corduba* was Master of a better Horse than himself; *Don Pedro* presently reply'd, *Your Commendations, Seignior, will make me place a greater Value and Esteem upon him*; and the next Day, by his Servant, presented him with his Jenner, and a Saddle and Foot-cloth richly embroidered. This generous Kindness of *Don Pedro* so highly endear'd him to *Roderigo*, that they vow'd eternal Friendship to each other; were constant Companions in all their Pleasures and Diversions, and the same Soul seem'd to animate both their Bodies. This Intimacy gave *Don Pedro* free Access to *Roderigo's* House, where he observed the Disgusts between him and his Wife; which, whenever he was absent, by his graceful Behaviour and more particular Respects to her, he endeavour'd to improve to his own Advantage.

The assiduous Address of *Don Pedro* to *Paulinta*, and the continual Slights of *Roderigo*, promis'd him Success in his Amours; which he pursu'd with so much Artifice and Industry, that *Roderigo* was not in the least jealous of his Design, nor *Paulinta* insensible of his Affections. *Don Pedro* had now made his Applications for four Months, in amorous Glances, and courtly Smiles, which he flatter'd himself, had so far prevail'd upon her, that nothing remained but an

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easie Conquest, and that she would readily surrende^r
 the Fort of Honour, as soon as he had the Opportuni-
 ty to make one bold Attacque. Two days after *Roderigo*
 told *Don Pedro*, Seignior *Courtelet* had desired
 his Company to hunt the next Morning, which he
 had promis'd him; and hoped he would not be the
 last in the Field, who loved the Sport so well. *Don*
Pedro excus'd himself, that he had Business of great
 Consequence fixt for that Day, which *Roderigo* be-
 lieving, admitted of, and prest no further. *Roderigo*
 being Abroad a hunting, *Don Pedro* followed his
 Game at Home, and in expresse Terms, discover'd
 his Passion to *Paulinta*, which she receiv'd with
 Disdain; telling him, Her Husband little suspected
 that Sincerity of Friendship he pretended to him was
 false and counterfeit, and that the Injury he had
 offer'd him, would warrant his sharpest Revenge.
Don Pedro was very much surpriz'd at so unkind an
 Answer, and pray'd that the reallity of his Love to
 her Person, and Zeal to her Service, might atone
 for the Rudeness of his Language; and though he
 believed her Chast as the fam'd *Lucretia*, yet when
 her too vigorous Vertue, shall be the Occasion of her
 Husband's Discontent and her own Unhappiness,
 common Prudence would advise to remove both;
 which since it was the true Sense of his Discourse, he
 hop'd rather to merit her Esteem than deserve her
 Reprimand. *Paulinta*, with a Look as if she intend-
 ed to smile, which was presently dash'd with a
 Frown, thus reply'd; *The great Concernment you*
express at my present Troubles, challenge my Thanks,
but did you as well consider the sacred Name of Ver-
tue, which I must for ever disown, you would not so
unworthily tempt me to prostitute my Honour, to cure
the unreasonable Capricio's of a discontented Husband:
This first Offence I'll pardon, but beware you never
provoke my Anger by a Second, which shall make you
sensible of your Fault, by the Justice of your Pu-
nishment.

Don Pedro seeing all his Hopes of a projected Happiness, thus blasted in a Minute, resolv'd however not to quit his Design for a single Disappointment, but try to effect that by Stratagem, which he could not attain by the common Methods of Love and Address. Amongst the Crowd of Thoughts, and various Designs his wandring Fancy presented him with, he at last hit upon this one Consideration, which pleas'd above the rest. *Laura*, *Paulinta's* Woman, was passionately in Love with his Man *Phillip*, who either despising her Poverty, or contemning her Beauty, slighted all Offers of Kindness with a sullen Disrespect: Whereupon meeting her one Day alone in the Street, he told her he understood she had a particular Kindness for *Philip*, which he very well approv'd of, and if she would come to his Lodgings in the Afternoon, he would propose a Way to make her happy in the Enjoyment of her Lover. *Laura*, overjoy'd at this, came accordingly, and after several Discourses on that Subject to her great Satisfaction, he promis'd her *Philip* for a Husband, and a hundred Ducatoons Reward, if she would prevail with *Paulinta* to go to *John de Blinco*, the *Astrologer*, who was famous for telling of Fortunes, helping Maids to their Sweet-hearts, and curing Barrenness in Married Women, which he was confident *Paulinta* would experience the Truth of in a short Time, to the Joy and Content of her self and *Roderigo*. *Laura* told him, This would be so great an Obligation to them, that no Person was more proper than himself to recommend it to her Mistress; which he excus'd as not consistent with her Modesty to hear, or his Friendship to discourse the Secrets of the Sheets, and Sacred Royalties of the Marriage Bed. At last *Laura* agreed to undertake it, and accordingly at the first Opportunity proposed it to her Mistress, as a Thought of her own without ever naming *Don Pedro*, which he had positively forbid, and she religiously swore to observe.

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Paulinta, like some of her Sex, who by being too strait lac'd, do often grow awry ; as she was strictly Virtuous, was a little warp'd by Superstition, and rather than be less than good, endeavour'd to be more ; This made her easily credit *Laura's* Discourse, who having, according to *Don Pedro's* instructions, perswaded her of the lawfulness and certainty of Astrological Judgments, she presently concluded her self oblig'd to make use of those Methods which would infallibly render them both happy in a fruitful Offspring. Three Days after, *Laura* acquainted *Don Pedro*, that the next Morning, under Pretence of going to Mass, *Paulinta* had determin'd to go to *John de Blinco's*, to consult him what was the Reason of her want of Children, and what prolifick Remedies were best in her Case. *Don Pedro* was well pleased at this News, and the more that she did it without the Privy and Knowledge of *Roderigo*: No sooner was *Laura* gone, but he went directly to *John de Blinco*, foretold him of *Paulinta's* coming next Day, her Business, and furnish'd him with Answers, of all Sorts to satisfy the Queries that she or *Laura* should make ; gave him fifty Duccatoons in hand, and promis'd fifty more three Days after, if the Design was discreetly manag'd. This *de Blinco* accepted, and assur'd him of his utmost Care and Fidelity.

Next Morning, *Paulinta*, attended by *Laura*, went accordingly, and inquir'd if Seignior *De Blinco*, the learn'd Astrologer, was within ; upon which they were conducted up Stairs into his Chamber ; *De Blinco* presently came out of his Study in a furr'd Gown, and blew Sattin Cap, with two and thirty Corners, blazon'd according to the Points of the Compass ; the gravity of his Beard and solemn Mein, furnish'd them with a Respect and Reverence suitable to his Quality. *Paulinta* began to discourse her Business to him, which he prevented, by telling her, *You need not trouble your self, Lady, to acquaint me with one Title you have to say, the Stars have already better*

beter inform'd me, and if you please to have a little Patience, till I have made a perfect Judgment of the Scheme I have but now erected, I hope the present Face of the Heavens will return you (by me their Mouth) a serene and pleasing Answer. De Blinco went back to his Study, and Paulinta, with Impatience, waited his Return. About an hour after he came out again, with a pair of Compasses in one Hand, and a large Scheme in the other; and now Lady, said he, I am prepar'd to resolve all your Doubts; but first let me tell you, at your Birth I calculated your Nativity, of which this is the Figure. You are the only Daughter of Don Camillo, I see very plainly here, and the present Conjunction was very unkind to you; you have six Enemies and but one Friend in this whole House, under their malignant Influence you have suffered these several Years, but now they have spit their Venom, and the favourable Aspect of your Friend, shall make you Glorious and Triumphant. But as to your present Business, you desire to know the Reason of your Barrenness, and the Cure: The general Reasons are three, which proceed from the three elemental Spirits, Tohu, Bohu and Vezi, and these I have already reconcil'd you to: Now as to the Cure, yours is the most desperate Case that I ever met with, there is but one Man in the World born under the same Configuration with your self, and unless you are in Conjunction with him, you will never be Prolific. Alas, said Paulinta, I am the unhappiest Creature in the World! Pray Sir look again, I have told you all the Truth, reply'd De Blinco, already, and can add no more; but if you desire to know that single Man, it is within the power of my Art to discover him to you. Paulinta intreated it, and de Blinco thus went on; In the Sycamore Walk of the Carmelites Garden; at four in the Evening, after the next full Moon (which is your Auspicious Planer) you will see him sitting alone upon a Bench, reading Quevedo's Visions; and that's the Phœnix you look for. Paulinta having nobly reward-

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Hist. III. Don Pedro and Paulinta. 39

ed him, desir'd to have it in Writing, which he gave her, and then taking leave, wish'd that blessed Minute was now come, which could only satisfy her labouring Mind in the Truth of these strange Predictions.

Learned *Mythologists*, who best expounded the Mysteries of Poetic Fictions, say, the ancient Heathens worship'd the Moon, under the Name of *Lucina* the Goddess of Midwifry; and the old Women of those Days, thought her in Travel when she suffered an Eclipse, and by the beating of Kettles, and scraping of Trenchers, kindly endeavour'd to recover her from those fainting Fits, by their hoarse Prayers and dismal Noises. But never did they pray more heartily than *Paulinta* did, to see her in the full Circle of her resplendant Glory: Nor did she more passionately caress *Endymion* when she stoopt to kiss the fair Youth; than *Paulinta* now did her, for the sake of her unknown Gallant.

The wish'd for Day is come at last, but the sluggish Hour mov'd on too slow to answer the earnest and longing Expectations of thoughtful *Paulinta*; the Clock had no sooner struck three, but she call'd *Laura*, and made haste to the Garden, and still as she pass'd along (impatient of Delay) sent her Eyes, the quick Harbingers of her troubled Mind, to make the happy Discovery. But oh the strange Surprise! Just as she entered the *Sycamore* Walk, she saw *Don Pedro* upon the next Bench, leaning on his Arm in a melancholly Posture, and reading to himself. *Paulinta* knew him at first Sight, and suddenly stept back, as if her tender Foot had prest the poisonous Adder, or more loathsome Toad: *Don Pedro* looking up spy'd *Paulinta* in Disorder, whom he approach'd with that Civility and Respect he constantly pay'd her; whilst she prudently endeavour'd to hide her Passions, and pleasantly ask'd him what Book that was in his Hand; *It is, Madam, said Don Pedro, Quevedo's Visions, he is a merry Companion, with whom I have*
diverted

diverted many a tedious Hour and melancholly Thought; if you are a Stranger to him, pray accept him from my Hands, and I am sure, upon better Acquaintance, you will give him the best Reception he deserves. *Paulinta* receiv'd it, and at that Minute, by one amorous Glance, discover'd the Infirmary of that Vertue which was thought to be impregnable, but now forc'd to retreat, and give place to a more powerful and successful Vice.

Frequent Interviews, at length made *Paulinta's* obdurate Heart malleable, and her Innocence and chaste Resolutions, were by Degrees undermin'd, and all her Pretensions to Honour, laid in the Dust by the Craft of *Don Pedro*, and the Roguery of *De Blinco*. As to the first Act of Commission, I could charitably think her almost Innocent, because she was betray'd to it, but when once she came to relish those forbidden Pleasures, and grow wanton in the Enjoyment. *Messalina* was Intemperate, she had both the Impudence of a *Duegna*, and the Lasciviousness of a *Courtezan*.

These Intrigues, were for some time so well managed by the cunning of *Laura*, that *Roderigo* either not knew of them, or contrary to the common Temper of his Country, pretended Ignorance; and rather chose to conceal her Infamy, and his own Abuse, than publish it to the World, by a notorious and bloody Revenge. But at last her Lewdness grew so extravagant that he was now become the common Cornuto for every flavish Finger to point at: This so enraged him that he threatned her with the severest Tortures, if she did not confess her Guilt, or justify her Innocence. *Paulinta*, upon her Knees, with Tears in her Eyes, pray'd his Patience and common Justice, assur'd him of her Fidelity, and with a thousand horrid Imprecations, desir'd her dying Fame might be for ever attended with all those Marks of Ignominy, with which the Malice and Detraction of her Enemies, had stain'd her living Reputation, if she had been ever
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Hist. III. Don Pedro and Paulinta. 41

guilty of the least of those Crimes they had so unjustly charg'd upon her. *Roderigo* credulously believ'd her, and was perfectly reconcil'd.

Three Months after, *Paulinta* appear'd big with Child to the great Satisfaction of her Husband, and in that time had behav'd her self with that Prudence and Caution; that no Man was more ready to accuse her, than he to vindicate her Honour from the Calumnies and Aspersions of such malevolent Tongues. At her Time of Travel, no Husband was more tenderly concern'd for a Wife than *Roderigo* for *Paulinta*; and being told they had small Hopes of preserving the Child, but less of saving her, he wept bitterly. At last it was resolv'd her Case was desperate, and their best Endeavours to be employ'd in Care of the Child, for whom, like a second *Cæsar*, they made his way by Incision. The Father impatiently desired a Sight of his Son and Heir, which he had so heartily prayed for: But oh the Horror and Confusion! It had the exact Resemblance of a Goat in the Face, with a long grizly Beard, but in all other Parts of excellent Shape and Feature. At this dreadful Sight, *Roderigo* immediately lost his Wits, ran raving about the House, crying out, *O wicked and forsworn Wretch!* and three Days after dyed stark staring Mad. The monstrous Birth expired within few Minutes after it was born.

Don Pedro followed his old Course of Revelling all Night with his drunken Companions; and being at the Tavern when this tragical News was brought, he smil'd at it, and told the Company (who were surprized to hear so sad a Relation) that he could spice it with a Cup of Mirth, and so began the Account of his Debaucheries with *Paulinta*, and how by the Confederacy of *De Blinco* he had betray'd her to his wicked Lust; which being heard by the Company with Horror and Detestation; he was immediately apprehended by an *Alguézile*, and carried before the Magistrates of *Corduba*, and Orders issued out for the taking

42 *God's Revenge against Adultery.*

taking *De Blinco*, who was brought in the same furr'd Gown and corner'd Cap, and by the Evidence, and Confession of *Don Pedro*, who also produc'd his Note for the Receipt of the last fifty Duccatoons with his Hand and Seal : He was condemned to be first whip'd through the Streets of *Corduba*, with Scorpions, and then sent to the Mines at *Peru*. *Don Pedro*, though a Gentleman, receiv'd the Punishment of the most infamous Malefactor, by being branded in the Forehead, and then sent to the Gallies, where he continued two Years, and was then taken by the *Turks* and carried into *Algiers*, where he lived and dyed in the Misery of perpetual Slavery. *Laua*, to avoid her Proportion of Punishment, made her Escape from *Corduba*, and her Body was five Days after found miserably torn and mangled in the Wood of *Macardis*.

Thus Don Pedro like the wily Serpent in Paradise, first tempts Paulinta, to inquire those forbidden Secrets of De Blinco (the Devil's Emiffary) which have no Record but in the claspt Book of Providence ; for which he is justly branded with an ignominious Letter. Adulterous Paulinta suffers her Punishment, where she first enjoy'd the Pleasures of her Sin ; and De Blinco is whip'd here with Scorpions and Furies hereafter.

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The Dutcheſs of Ulme.

A GERMAN HISTORY.

HISTORY IV.

Anne of Werdenberg is carried away by the Lord of Zeringen; reſcued by Captain Conrade, and afterwards Married to the Duke of Ulme: ſhe falls in Love with Philip (Conrade's Brother) and by miſtake ſeeks to poiſon him, is diſcovered; afterwards goes away with the Lord of Zeringen, and lives in adultery with him. He is Slain, and ſhe taken Priſoner and ſhut up in a Dungeon, Conrade, by the means of his Brother Philip, her Keeper, lyes with her, they are ſurprized by the Duke, Conrade kills the Duke, and himſelf, and the Dutcheſs are ſlain by his Guard.

IN that part of Germany, which is called Suevia, liv'd a Prince whoſe Name was *Rodolph*, of the Family of *Schwalen*, intituled Duke of *Ulme*, an Imperial

rial City in those Parts, founded at first by *Charles the Great*; this *Rodolph*, after the Death of his Father, succeeded in his Principality at thirty years of Age, and being unmarried, resolv'd to make his own choice, and contrary to the mind of most Princes, he had a greater Respect to Love than Interest, or the Advantage of the State; whereupon he declin'd all the offers made to him in his Father's Life, that he might have the liberty of his own Choice, and please his Fancy in one from whom he might expect reciprocal Love and Affection. The curious *Rodolph* had seen all the Ladies of Quality those Countreys afforded without being Charm'd by any of them, till at last, hearing of the celebrated Wit, and fam'd Beauty of *Ann*, the Daughter of the Earl of *Werdenberg*, a Town in the Province of *Suevia*, he went to the Earl's Castle, with a noble Equipage, where he found Report had not been too lavish in her praise: The admirable Beauty of this Lady at first sight Conquer'd *Rodolph's* Heart, but when he discover'd the readiness of her Wit, and excellency of Mind, he accounted her the Paragon of her Sex. But alas! he could not see into her Soul, to behold the Vices which lay conceal'd under so fair an Out-side; for with all these Accomplishments she was Fickle, Sullen and Revengeful, and what is much worse, of an Incontinent and Lustful Temper; but the Duke saw none of these Deformities, for the lustre of her Eyes, and the bright Glories of her Beauteous Form, had dazzled his; upon which he acquainted the Earl with his Affection for this young Lady, who knowing the Worth of the Duke, readily embraced the Offer, hoping not only to advance his Daughter, but by an Alliance with so Potent a Prince, whose Power and Assistance would enable him to Conquer some Enemies he had of the House of *Hadsburgh*, who were now in Arms against him. *Rodolph* made his Court to the Lady *Ann*, whom he found very reserv'd and shie, tho' she entertained him Civilly, but without any sign of Love and Affection, so

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that he ſoon perceiv'd nothing but a long and formal Siege could take her, and accompliſh his Deſires.

At this time there was a great Conteſt between the Earl of *Werdenberg*, (the Father of this Lady) and *Birtheold*, Lord of *Zeringen*, of the Family of *Hadsburgh*, about certain Lands; which difference was grown ſo great, that they had both appear'd in Arms, and the Lord of *Zeringen*, by the powerful Aid of his Friends gotten much the better of it. This young Lord was about the Age of five and twenty, and poſſeſt of a fair Eſtate, who, tho' he was at Difference with the Father, was in Friendſhip with the Daughter, and having once upon the Road ſurpriz'd her, and made her Priſoner for ſome hours, was ſuddenly Captivated with the Excellence of her Wit and Beauty, and not only releas'd her, but diſcovered his Paſſion to her, begging that ſhe might be the only Reward of his Conqueſts, and all their Hoſtile Diſputes amicably reconciled in the happy Conjunction of their Perſons, by the Sacred Bonds of Marriage. Not long after, *Birtheold*, by his Friends, made Overtures of Peace to the Earl, and propoſed a Match between himſelf and the Lady *Ann*, and that the Lands in queſtion ſhould be aſſigned over as part of her Dowry. But the Earl diverted this Deſign by his unreaſonable Demands, which *Birtheold* in Honour could not comply withal. However *Birtheold* made ſecret Court to the Lady, and at laſt obtained the Favour of a private meeting with his Miſtreſs, and notwithstanding the Obſtinacy of the Father, came to Terms with the Daughter, and unknown to the Earl, they were Contracted, making ſure of each other, before the Ceremonies of the Church had confirm'd their Vows.

But the Duke, by renewing his Suit, interrupted the ſecret Converſe of the Love, which, tho' he knew not of, yet fearing the Propoſitions of Peace made by his Rival *Birtheold* ſhould take effect, offered the Earl a ſupply of Five hundred Men, which he accepted, and by this Powerful Aſſiſtance regained the greateſt

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part of those Lands *Birthead* had made himself Master of. This so far enraged *Birthead* (his Affairs growing every day into a worse Condition, and fearing the loss of his Mistress, with whom he had frequent Meetings in disguise) that he earnestly solicited her to make her flight with him, which she as often refused with a Complement, *That she hoped the Valour and good Fortune of her Lover would at last compel her Father to Consent*; which he seeing no probability of, resolv'd by Stratagem to carry her off. To this end he engaged her Maid *Mariana* by rich Presents, to tempt her abroad the next Day to take the Air, and then conduct her to a remote place (at an appointed hour) in the Park adjoining to the Castle, where they no sooner arriv'd, but they were surprized by some Horse-men in Ambush, and notwithstanding their Shrieks and Outcries, were forcibly carried out of the Park to his Coach, where he in Person attended.

This Violence extremely troubled the Lady, who, (tho' *Birthead* threw himself at her Feet, and beg'd Pardon for so great a Rudeness) yet being of an haughty Temper, and proud Spirit, resolved to Chastise him severely for it. *Birthead* endeavoured to pacifie her with all the most humble Submissions he could make, and with smooth and passionate Language, allay the Storm he had raised, but all his Rhetorick was in vain; when considering this was no place for a long Parlee, and the present posture of his Affairs requiring his presence, he committed her to the Care and Fidelity of his Kinsman, to carry her a private way to his Castle, whilst he returned to his Soldiers, who were now ready to mutiny in his Absence. *Birthead* having appeas'd his Army, committed the Conduct of it to *Braganti*, his Lieutenant-General, and pos'd away cross the Country to make a Visit to his Mistress; but on the way he met his Kinsman Wounded, who presently recounted to him the sad disaster he had met with: *That his Mistress was forced from him by a Troop of Horse, they had met withal on the way, who upon*

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the Ladies Shrieks and Cries, rescued her from them, notwithstanding all the Resistance they could make; in which Conſiſt himſelf was wounded, and ſeveral of his Men killed. This News afflicted him beyond meaſure; but ſeeing no Remedy, he return'd to his Camp, full of Grief and Vexation.

The Rape of the Lady *Ann* being made known to the Duke, and the Earl her Father, they were extremely troubled at it, and immediately cauſed the Ravishers to be purſued by ſome of his Troops, who after three days ſearch, underſtood ſhe was brought back to the Caſtle by one Captain *Conrade*; upon which they made a ſpeedy Return. The Earl was exceeding Joyful at the Recovery of his Daughter, and underſtanding by her, that Captain *Conrade* (whom they accidentally met, marching with his Troop for the Emperor's Service in *Hungary*) had delivered her, and ſafely brought her home, was returned to his Troop, without his Thanks or Reward; according to his Noble Diſpoſition, ſent to invite him to his Caſtle, that he might make ſome Acknowledgments for the great Service they had done him, and leaſt they ſhould not prevail with him, cauſed the Lady *Ann* to ſend him a fair Diamond Ring to wear for her ſake, and he himſelf ſent him the beſt Horſe in his Stable, with Furniture richly Embroyder'd. But they needed not thus to have preſented *Conrade*, for this young Lady had already given him her Heart, from whom ſhe parted with much regret.

The late Affront of the Lord of *Zeringen*, and the Generous Gallantry of *Conrade*, had now planted her ſickle and wandring Heart in the Captain's Breſt, whom ſhe expected with impatience. But *Conrade* Excused himſelf by a Gentleman, *That he was upon his Duty, and in all haſte going to the Place of Rendezvous, return'd his Thanks to the Earl for the Civility offer'd him, and the Noble Presents he had receiv'd, with his Service and humble Reſpects to the Lady, aſſuring her he would wear the Ring the longeſt Day of his*

his Life, which should be devoted to her Service.

The Young Lady was very much discontented when she saw the Captain did not return, as she had flatter'd her self he would, her troubled Breast was wreck'd with Hopes and Fears, and great was the Conflict between Love and Honour: The handsome Proportion, sweet Countenance, genteel Behaviour, courtly Speeches, and the noble Courage of *Conrade*, oblig'd her to think him the most compleat Gentleman she had ever seen; but the Pride that attends on great Persons, and often deters them from falling meanly under their Passions, began to settle hers, and calm the Ruffles of her Mind into a serene and tranquil Temper. But the Contest was again renewed and Love gain'd the Victory: Whereupon she writ this following Letter, which she return'd by his Messenger, unknown to any but her Confident *Mariana*.

To my Deliverer, Captain *Conrade*.

THE Service you have done me does challenge a far greater Acknowledgment than lyes in my Power to give you, and I hope will Excuse me if I say something to you Kind and Extravagant. I have no other way to requite your Civilites but to tell you what Power they have over a Soul so sensible as mine is, and it is your own fault that you have not more acceptable Proofs of my Love and Affection to you. Since you are going to the Wars, perhaps I may never be put to the blush by seeing you again; but pray remember as you have set my Body free, you have made my Heart your Captive, whilst I am

Anne of Werdenberg.

The Captain having received this Letter, admired the Lady's Kindness and Gratitude to him, the unexpected Encouragement to obtain her Love, advanc'd his Hopes of Success, and he resolv'd to leave his Troop to court her; but considering the great Disparity between their Fortunes and Qualities, and the

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Difficulty of gaining a Lady not at her own Diſpoſal, he preſently returned this Letter by the ſame Meſſenger.

To my Conqueror, the fair Lady *Anne*.

I Acknowledge, Madam, that you are my Conqueror, and I am your Slave, but I hope never to be ranſom'd or exchange'd, but to wear out my Life in ſo grateful a Bondage. The Senſe of my own humble Condition forbids me to lift up my Eyes to my Adored Miſtreſs, unleſs raiſed above my own Pitch by the Purchase of Honour, which I will ſeek with the Hazard of my Life, that my Head may be compaſſed with Laurels to preſerve me from being blaſted by the angry Lightning of your Eyes, for my Confidence and Preſumption. Madam, I humbly beg Pardon for your Affectionate Slave.

Conrade.

The Lady receiv'd this Letter, and read it a thouſand Times, fanſied new Charms, and freſh Pleaſures in every Line; ſometimes ſhe would call him Cruel and Ungrateful, and then excuſing him, would blame her ſelf, and reſolve to be Conſtant to his Love. *Mariana* ſeeing her Extravagancy pitied her very much, and tryed all Ways to divert her, and renew her old Flame for *Birthead*, but in vain. She was ſo incenſed againſt him for his late rude Behaviour, that the Pride of her Mind, but more the Love of *Conrade*, excluded all Hopes of Reconciliation.

In the mean time the Lord *Birthead* was very much diſtreſſed by his Enemies, and though he was much troubled for the Loſs of his Land, he was more afflicted for that of his Miſtreſs; the firſt he had hopes to recover, but the other he feared was loſt for ever. He wrote to her, ſent Meſſengers, but could obtain no Answer but from *Mariana*, who gave him more reaſon to deſpair than hope of Succeſs. In the Interim, the Duke and the Earl her Father, were agreed

In all Points relating to the Marriage, and she being now become indifferent, as to the Duke, did not much oppose it; whereupon, soon after it was pompously Solemniz'd, and the young Dutchess conducted to his Palace at *Ulme*, where she was received with Feasts, Balls, Plays, and all the honourable Expressions of publick Mirth and Joy. Captain *Conrade*, notwithstanding all this, still preserv'd his Image in the Breast of the Dutchess, which had made so deep an Impression, that in the midst of all those Diversions, she still sigh'd and languished after him.

It happened as she was sitting one Day to see some Publick Games, her Eyes roving up and down, she thought she espied among the Crowd her beloved Captain, all the Features of his Face were so like and agreeable, that she resolv'd it must be the same, and could not possibly be any other: *Mariana* being near her, she whisper'd her in the Ear, and directed her Eye to the same Object, who immediately concluded with her, That Gentleman she then saw, was the real Captain *Conrade*; but they wondred much to see him in so mean a Garb, and not in the Habit of a Soldier, which they supposed he made use of for a Disguise; and when they observ'd him so intent on the Sports, that he seldom cast his Eyes on the Dutchess, or if he did, with such Indifferency, that shewed nothing of Love or Passion, they were more concern'd at his Slight and Neglect. This Sight rais'd so violent a Transport in the Soul of the New-married Dutchess, that she could not contain her self from charging *Mariana* to set some Body to watch him to his Lodging, and that she should privately inquire of him his Design of coming thither in that Garb and Disguise. *Mariana*, in obedience to the Commands of the Dutchess, set one of the Servants belonging to her Train to watch him to his Lodging; and there acquaint him that she desired to speak with him at the Palace, whether he was privately to conduct him. The Man obeyed his Orders punctually, and the young

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young Gentleman received the Meſſage with Wonder and Amazement, proteſting that *Mariana* was utterly unknown to him; however at the Intreaty of the Meſſenger he went along; and being introduced into a private Lobby, *Mariana* came to him, and looking full in his Face; *Captain*, ſays ſhe, *what makes you here thus diſguiſed? The Dutcheſs owes too much to your Generoſity and Valour, not to take Notice of her Deliverer.* The Gentleman look'd ſtrange upon her, as one he had never ſeen before, which made *Mariana* ſtop, and ask him if he was not *Captain Conrade*? The Gentleman answer'd, No, but that he was his own Brother, and a Twin, and ſo like him, that not only Strangers, but their own Parents could not diſtinguiſh them, but by a red Mole under the Right Pap, which his Brother had; that his Name was *Philip*, born at *Villengen*, and elder by four Minutes.

Mariana ſeeing his Speech, Carriage, Proportion, Face, Hair, Smiles, and Actions ſo very like, would not believe one Word he ſaid, but taking all for Fiction, preſt him to let her know his Intentions of being there, and whether he had already forſaken his Miſtreſs Honour, for whom he had loſt a Young and Obliging Lady, to her great Grief and Trouble. *Philip* ſeeing the Incredulity of *Mariana*, ſmil'd at her Error; but it not being the firſt time by many he had been miſtaken for his Brother, it was no great Surprize to him: *Mariana* ſtill urg'd he was the ſame Perſon, whiſt *Philip*, with many Oaths and Aſſeverations, endeavour'd to confirm the Truth of what he had ſaid; and that he came over only to ſee the publick Sports, and the Entrance of the Duke and Dutcheſs, and to Morrow intended to return to *Villengen*, unleſs ſhe or the Dutcheſs had any Commands to the contrary. *Mariana* went preſently to inform the Dutcheſs of what he had ſaid, and deſired him to wait in the Lobby till her Return.

About an Hour after *Mariana* returns with the

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Dutchess, who was amazed to see the Captain she loved, deny himself, for both her Eyes and Ears told her 'twas he and no other. Captain, said she, *the Obligation I have to you, may excuse this Strangeness, but after the Letter I sent you, and that I received from you, I cannot but wonder you should call your self Philip, and make so strange of a Business I would have esteemed more serious; and therefore, pray tell me, why you thus disguise your self, and what your Pretensions are?* Madam, replied the Gentleman, *I desire not to deceive a Person of your Quality, and I do swear by all that's sacred, I am not Captain Conrade, but his Brother Philip, that I came hither only out of Curiosity, and shall return to Morrow, unless for my Brother's sake, who I perceive has done you some considerable Service, you will be pleased to entertain me amongst your Followers.* The Dutchess looked somewhat amazedly, and her Eyes told her that she could not believe him, his desire of being retain'd about her, made her conclude he was no other than Conrade, whom her Letter and his Love had brought back to serve her. This Thought pleas'd her, and she told him he should attend her the next Day, and in the mean time she would speak to the Duke to entertain him amongst his Domesticks, for his Brother's sake, if he were not the same she took him for, which she still doubted.

But it is too true, the Dutchess is deceived, *Mariana* is deceived, and all the World who had seen the one, would have been deceived by the other: This was one of the Fantasticks of Nature, or one of her Rarities which she seldom makes, in this she had imitated Conrade so exactly, that he was not to be known from Philip, nor Philip from him, she had form'd them in the same Moulds in the dark Cell of the Womb, that it was not possible for the Eye to distinguish them, and lest she should mistake her self, had only differenced Conrade by a private Mark. But how like soever their Bodies were, their Souls

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Hist. IV. *The Dutcheſs of Ulme:* 53

were as different: *Conrade* had a Noble Generous Soul, full of Life and Valour: *Philip* (though the Eldest) was Covetous, Sordid and Cowardly: Besides these internal Marks of Difference, Time and Accident had caused one notable Distinction, which not being known to many, was kept a Secret, and being in those Parts of the Body which common Modesty obliges us to conceal, was not discoverable: *Philip* in his younger Years climbing up a high Pear-Tree, the Bough broke, and he fell so unluckily that a Stump of the Tree stuck between his Legs, which so bruised those Parts, that they gangreen'd, and were cut clean off, so that *Philip* was a Capon, and as true an Eunuch as any the *Turk* had in his whole *Seraglio*. This was a Secret which Shame caused to be conceal'd, Eunuchs being accounted Monsters in that Part of the World, where they are not seen every Day, or do not govern Princes, or command Armies.

The Dutcheſs was not yet convinced, but this was her real *Conrade*, however he was pleas'd to assume the Name and Person of *Philip*, and accordingly so represented him to the Duke, that the Brother of that Captain who had so bravely rescued her from the Hands of her Ravishers was now in the City, and had petition'd her, in Consideration of his Brother's Service, to be admitted one of her Domesticks: The Duke glad of an Opportunity to be grateful, and please his New Dutcheſs, whom he passionately lov'd, order'd him to be entertain'd in the Place of one of the Gentleman of his Chamber, to the great Content of *Philip*, and Satisfaction of the Dutcheſs. The Dutcheſs for some time remain'd very reserv'd, expecting this *Philip*, or disguised *Conrade*, should make his Addresses to her, but observing in him so great Indifference, she was not a little amaz'd and perplex'd at it. To be better informed, she sent privately to *Villengen*, and was there satisfied that this was not *Conrade* but *Philip* his Brother. However as she had before been enamoured on the comely Shape, and

graceful Deportment of *Conrade*, she could not be said to change the Object of her Love in *Philip*, who was so like him in all outward Appearance, as one Drop of Water to another, which occasioned the same Sentiments of Mind, and Lustful Desires for *Philip*, as she before had for *Conrade*. She knew that *Conrade* was gone to the Wars, and his Return uncertain, but here she beheld, and had in her Power the same Person with a different Name only; and thought it the greatest Folly imaginable to sigh for one that was absent, and forego the same present; to dye for the Shadow, when she might freely enjoy the Substance. The Dutchess discovered the secret Passion of her Heart to *Mariana*, brib'd her with Gold, and did all that a Flattering Mistress is capable of, to subvert the Honesty and Integrity of a Servant, and make her faithful to her: *Mariana* readily understood what the Dutchess meant, and with pity to the poor forsaken *Birthead*, unwillingly paid Obedience to her unlawful Commands.

The Dutchess took all Opportunities of shewing Kindness to *Philip*, and with her Eyes and Actions spoke the hidden Passions of her Heart; but all her Favours and Caresses were thrown away on this dull and frozen Statue, his Incapacity for Love had chill'd his Blood, and made him cold and reserved; all her Smiles were lost upon him, and for those many Marks of her Esteem, he only returned low Cringes and diligent Submissions. The Dutchess was vext and angry at his Dulness and Stupidity, or Fear and Modesty, not being able to distinguish which was the true Reason of so great Reservedness. Great Persons love to be understood at first Sight, with a Word and a Beck, and it is better to be too forward and mistake their Intentions, than too backward, and not understand their Desires.

At this Time the great Success of *Birthead* caused the Duke to go into the Field himself, with those New Forces he had raised for the Assistance of the

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Earl of *Werdenberg*, and with much Regret he parted from the Dutcheſs, laying a particular Command on *Philip* to be diligent in his Attendance on her, and to certify him continually of her Health, of which Honour he was not a little proud. The Duke being thus departed with his Army, the Dutcheſs, with *Mariana*, *Philip*, and ſome few other Servants, went to her Caſtle of *Blaford*, a League from *Ulme*, where ſhe deſigned to divert her ſelf with Hunting for two or three Days, and then return to *Ulme*. Here ſhe reſolved to lay the Scene of her Amorous Deſign, and contrive every Thing ſo cunningly, that the moſt ſearching Eye ſhould not be able to find a Flaw in her Honour. The ſecond Night after her Arrival, having before order'd *Philip* to be lodg'd in a Chamber remote from the reſt of the Servants, to which there was a private Gallery, which led from her Apartment, about Midnight her unruly Love having kept her waking, ſhe aroſe out of her Bed, and (giving *Mariana* ſtrict Charge not to ſtir) flung over her a light ſilk Mantle, richly embroidered, her Head was curiouſly dreſt, as on her Bridal Night, then putting on a pair of Velvet Slippers, ſhe took the white Wax Taper burning in her Chamber in a Silver Candleſtick, in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other, and in this Poſture left her Chamber, and through the private Gallery convey'd her ſelf to *Philip's*.

This Apparition in the middle of the Night (as ſweet and tempting as this lovely and luſtful Dutcheſs ſeem'd to be) ſtruck the amazed *Philip* with Horror and Conſternation, not knowing whether it was the bright Viſion of ſome Angeliacal Phantaſm, or ſome ſportive Devil in the Counterfeit Shape of a Glorious Spirit, his little Acquaintance with either, gave him ſufficient Argument for his preſent Fears. *Philip* lay trembling in his Bed, which the Dutcheſs approached, and holding the Dagger towards his Breſt, thus expreſt her ſelf. *The many Favours I*

56 *God's Revenge against Adultery.*

have shown, are the manifest Tokens of my Affection to you, and which have been received with too much Slight and Neglect; you either disdain my Love, or are stupid not to understand my Passion, either of which is alike dangerous to my Repose, and your Life. I have in this Manner appear'd to you as you see, to discover the Violence of my Love, and intrust my Honour with you; you have no other way to choose, but to answer my Desires, or die by my Hands; this poyson'd Dagger shall sacrifice you to my Fury, if you deny to be an Offering to my Love. This was a pretty Way of Courtship indeed, but this Lady was none of those who desired to be ador'd and sigh'd for, to be worshipp'd as a Saint, or respected as a Vestal: Hers was not Fantastick or Platonick Love, placed only in Shadows and respectful Ceremonies, her Flames were to be quench'd, and Desires satisfied with Secrecy and Expedition.

*Philip open'd his Mouth, and fixing his Eyes on the aimable yet terrible Object, spake something so confusedly and abruptly, that the Dutches soon perceived the Affright she had put her Lover in, had in some measure debarred her of the Satisfaction she expected, and to allay those fearful Spirits she had rais'd, endeavour'd to rectify the Error she had committed, by smoothing her Brow, and putting on her sweetest and most charming Looks: She arm'd her Eyes with a softer Fire, her Countenance on a sudden became Serene and Amorous; inviting Smiles dispell'd the Frowns of her contracted Brow. She laid aside the Weapon in her Hand, and made use of none but Rays of Light, which shot themselves into the Soul of Philip like so many Daggers, for he trembled to see what would have rejoyc'd another Man. She set down the Taper, and disrobing her self into the Glories of a Naked Goddess, lifted up the Cloaths and laid her self down by him, saying; *Thus will I charm your Fears, thus will I court your Love: I have laid by my Thunder and Lightning, and imagine**

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me no longer the Dutcheſs of Ulme, your Miſtreſs, but your Lover, and one that expects to give and take a Felicity, Princes would not reſuſe. Philip was getting out on the other Side of the Bed, when ſhe laid her Arm over him, warm enough to melt the moſt ſnowy Chaſtity: *What* (ſaid ſhe) *do you ſlie me? Am I a Perſon after all this to be reſuſ'd?* Then re-ſettling her diſturbed Spirits, and gently drawing him towards her, ſhe began to ſmother him with Kiſſes, whiſt he like a trembling Partridge under the Pounces of an Hawk made ſome faint ſtruglings to get from her Embraces, and as ſoon as he could have Liberty from the Kiſſes ſhe loaded him with, Cryed out, *Ab Madam!* *I am not able to perform what you expect from me; I muſt confeſs I am no Man, and that it is impoſſible for me to give you the Satisfaction you deſire.*

The Dutcheſs was ſo confounded at theſe Words, that ſhe let go her Arms from their Embrace, and riſing half Way out of Bed, thought he had been a Woman, but diſcovering the contrary by his Breasts, which were bare, ſhe thought he only ſaid ſo to deceive her, when preſently the Colour ſuſhing into her Cheeks, and a Fierceneſs mounting into her Eyes, ſhe began to grow terrible to Philip, who leaping out flung himſelf on his Knees by the Bed-ſide, and with many Oaths and Aſſeverations related his Miſfortune to her.

It is impoſſible to ſpeak the Confuſion this Diſappointed Lady was in, her Eyes were fierce and ſparkling with Shame and Anger, and transported with Rage, ſhe flew to her Dagger, which Philip being aware of, ran to the Table where his Sword lay, and put himſelf into a Poſture of Defence, whiſt ſhe ſeeing her ſelf thus defeated of her Pleaſure, and prevented in her Revenge; look'd like a diſtracted Fury, all her lovely Charms grew terrible and frightful. *Whether it be true or falſe* (ſaid the enraged Dutcheſs) *That you have told me, or whether thou art Impotent*

or Vertuous, 'tis not much matter, for thou shalt die for my Mistake. But *Philip* had no mind to be kill'd, and kept her off with the Point of his Sword, assuring her with a Thousand Oaths and Imprecations of the Truth of what he said; told her more fully his Misfortune, and promised and vow'd Eternal Secrecy, that no Person in the World should ever know one Syllable of this Action, that he himself would endeavour to forget it, and believe it only a Dream or Vision, provided she did no Ways hereafter attempt his Life; but if he should happen to fall by her Malice, as he easily might, he would leave this Nights transactions, under his Hand and Seal, with an intimate Friend, who after Death would deliver it to the Duke; and that if he might live secure, he would be secret, silent and faithful, her Shame should be hid, and her Honour safe.

The Dutcheß saw no other Remedy, but without Reply, threw her Mantle about her, slipp'd on her Pantoffles, took up the Candle, and left *Philip* not a little glad that he was so easily rid of this Aimable Fury. *Mariana* saw her Lady return, but with such Marks of Disturbance in her Looks, Confusion in her Eyes, and Shame in her Cheeks, that she wondred what could be the Cause of so great a Disturbance. The next Day the Dutcheß feign'd her self sick, caus'd her Coach to be made ready, and returned to *Ulme*, writing Dispatches to the Duke, wherein she told him (with the greatest Art of Feminine Cunning and Collogueing) how much she suffered by his Absence, who like the Flower of the Sun, must droop till his Return, and wither like the Female Palm in the Absence of the Male. These Letters were ordered to be sent by *Philip*, who was pleas'd with the Command, and so easie a Removal from the Sight of the incens'd Dutcheß. All this *Mariana* saw and wondred at, till the Dutcheß, one Evening in her Closet, acquainted her with the odd Circumstances of her Love, and her more strange Disappointment.

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The Duke received the kind Letters of the Dutcheſs, and was not a little ſatisfied with her Love and Care, and after he had put his Affairs in a good Poſture, return'd Poſt to *Ulme*, to the Embraces of his Lady. *Philip* came along with the Duke, but kept himſelf as much out of her Preſence as he could, who never beheld him but with Shame and Confuſion, and that very Object, which before had been ſo pleaſant in her Eyes, was now as monſtrous and hateful, Malice and Revenge ſucceeded her Love in as great a Degree, and conſidering her Honour and Life were intruſted to his keeping, ſhe reſolved neither could be ſafe as long as he liv'd, and having in vain endeavour'd by ſeveral Artifices to remove him from the Duke, ſhe conſulted with *Mariana* what was to be done in ſo difficult a Caſe, who agreed to ſend him into another World, which could only ſecure his Silence. To this End, *Jeranto*, the Cook was hired by a Purſe of Gold, to poiſon him in a Meſs of Broth, which he ſoon after effected: But his *German* Simplicity not being ſo well verſ'd in that *damnable Art*, as the *Spaniard* or *Italian*, the Poyſon wrought ſo violently it diſcovered it ſelf too ſoon, and by the great Care and Skill of the Duke's Phyſicians, the Danger was prevented. He preſently imagin'd it came from the implacable Hatred of the Dutcheſs, and reſolv'd to be reveng'd of her before he Dyed: Whereupon he ſent for the Duke, and having made all Perſons avoid the Room, acquainted him with the Viſit the Dutcheſs had given him, with all the particular Circumſtances of it, and fully inform'd him of the Reaſon of her Malice and his Empoiſoning.

The Duke was like one Thunder-ſtruck with this Relation, and having conſider'd the ſeveral Parts of it, began to queſtion whether *Philip* was not Diſtracted by his Diſtemper, but having heard him confirm it with many Oaths and Imprecations, expecting every Moment to dye: Trouble and Grief ſucceeded his Wonder and Aſtoniſhment, and Jealouſie
and

to God's Revenge against Adultery.

and Rage follow'd after. He stay'd some time to compose himself, and charg'd *Philip*, to let no other know of his Dishonour; telling him, *If he dy'd he would revenge his Death, and if he liv'd reward his Fidelity.* *Philip* being young and lusty, Nature at last, (by the help of powerful Medicines,) overcame the Poison, and he recover'd with the Loss only of his Hair and Nails. The Duke in the mean time smother'd his Trouble all he could, from the piercing Eye of the Dutcheß, and when *Philip* was recover'd carried him one Day into her Chamber, and making all others but *Mariana* to quit the Room, caus'd him to accuse her Face to Face.

The Dutcheß seem'd not much mov'd, but took it as if the Duke had been in Jest with her, at which he grew so enraged, he flatly charg'd her with the Crime, calling her *Impudent Strumpet*, she appearing as angry and high, peremptorily deny'd it, and told him *She would have Satisfaction* for so base an Abuse put upon her: She vindicated her self from all that *Philip* had said, and with so many Asseverations justify'd her Innocency, that the Duke stood amaz'd, not knowing which to credit. The subtle Lady perceiving the Duke's Mind wavering, fell on her Knees and crav'd Justice against that perjur'd Villain *Philip*; who now saw his own Folly and Danger, in accusing the Dutcheß, without any other Witnesses to corroborate his Evidence. The Duke was very much perplex'd with this Matter, and knowing the Dutcheß had not actually defiled his Bed, but intentionally only, if that was true she was accused of, and that probably *Philip's* Impotency rather than his Vertue, or a due regard to his Honour, had kept him chaste; by many good Words endeavour'd to pacify the Dutcheß, and reconcile her to *Philip*, who still continued in his Service.

However the Duke seem'd to dissemble the Trouble of his Mind, *Philip* still standing firm in his Accusation, Jealousie began to prevail upon his Soul, and

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and imbitter all his Thoughts: He grew melancholly and churlish, and she so proud and disdainful, that an apparent Breach was made between them; she curs'd her Marriage, and the time she forsook *Birthold*, the Kind and Loving *Birthold*. This *Mariana* took Notice of, and acquainted *Birthold* with the Discontents of the Dutcheſs, who diligently by Letters address'd himself to her, from whom he receiv'd this Answer.

To the Lord of Zeringen.

Birthold; If I have yet any Command over your Soul, as you say I have, then you must not dye; but preserve a Life that is precious to me, and may yet be serviceable to redeem me from Misery. Time may alter both our Fortunes, and your Constancy may be rewarded by

Anne Ulme.

Birthold being encouraged in his Love by the amorous Letter of the Dutcheſs, came over privately in Disguise to *Ulme*, and by the Assistance of *Mariana*, made frequent Visits to the Dutcheſs, these Interviews soon compos'd all former Differences, and entred 'em into a stricter League than ever. What mutual Kindnesses pass'd between them at that time, I never yet could learn; but it is very likely, as we may judge by the sequel of their Actions, such unscrupulous Lovers made use of Opportunity. *Birthold* at last propos'd to her to leave the Duke her Husband, and go along with him, which she consenting, pack'd up all her Jewels and other things of value, and one Evening, with *Mariana*, walk'd out to the side of the River *Danow*, which runs by the Wall of *Ulme*, where *Birthold* waited her coming. and with a Boat of six Oars, carried them over the River, and in his Coach convey'd them safe to his Castle. The Duke soon heard where the Dutcheſs was, and acquainted the Earl her Father with the Treachery and

and Infidelity of his Daughter, who were both so enraged at the Injury and Disgrace, that they immediately rais'd all the Forces they were able to make, and mutually vow'd a Revenge. So great Success attended the Justice of their Cause, that *Birthead* was totally routed in the Field, and forc'd to take Refuge in his Castle, where the Dutchess was, which two Days after was surrounded by the Duke's Army; *Birthead* having done all that a Valiant Man could do in defence of the Place, resolv'd not to be taken alive, and become the Scorn of the Victors, but thrust himself into the midst of his Enemies and dy'd bravely with his Sword in his Hand. The Dutchess had not the Heart to fly to a voluntary Death, though she resisted her Fate all she could, and was taken with Arms in her fair Hands, encouraging the Soldiers with her Words and Actions. Being taken and brought before her Husband and Father, the Earl would have run her through with his own Hand, but was hindred by the Duke, who desired her Punishment might be left to him, against whom she had more grievously offended, who resolv'd not to chastise her by Death, but to give her a Life, tho' full of Pain and Misery, by which she might have time to repent of her Crimes, and save her Soul.

The Duke sent away the Dutchess, and the dead Body of *Birthead*, with a strong Guard to his Castle at *Blaford*, and having finish'd the Campaign, and restor'd the Country to Peace, return'd to *Ulme* with Honour and Victory. The Duke being resolv'd now to punish his Adulterous Dutchess, ordered *Mariana* to be taken from her, and being chastised as a Confederate in her Crimes, was banish'd his Territories. The Dutchess was then put into a Room, where no Light, or Day, or Sun-shine, could ever enter, in which he caused a Bed to be set up, and a Room hung with black, with a Lamp continually burning in the midst of it, a little Table was plac'd by her Bed-side, with a Prayer-Book, the Picture of a Beautiful Lady embracing

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embracing a Knight on the one ſide, and the ſame Knight and Lady tormented by Devils on the other ſide of the Chamber, as Objects to remember her of her Crimes, and promote her Repentance. This was the Furniture of the Room; and to abate the Heat of her Luſt, he gave ſtrict Charge, that three times a Week ſhe ſhould have nothing but *Bread and Water*, and at other times a ſpare Dyet. He allow'd her no other Cup to drink in but the Scull of *Birtheole*, which he had cauſed purpoſely to be made into a Cup, and tipt it round with Silver, nor no other Carpet on her Table but his Skin, which was ſleed off and dreſt for that Purpoſe, ſtrictly commanding, That no Perſon in the World ſhould be permitted to ſee or ſpeak to her, except a Prieſt, who was ordered to confeſs her once a Month: Care was alſo taken, that ſhe ſhould have no Knife, or any thing elſe whereby ſhe might hurt her ſelf, and that he might be ſure to have all this punctually perform'd, and ſhe not able to corrupt her Keeper, he gave the Command of the Caſtle to *Philip*, and made him her Keeper, ſtrictly charging him, that no Perſon ſhould be ſuffer'd to ſee or ſpeak with her, but himſelf and the Prieſt he ſhould ſend with a Warrant under his Hand and Seal. *Philip* who had no good will to this Lady, undertook the Charge not unwillingly, reſolving to obſerve his Lord's Directions very punctually, believing them to be as Juſt as Severe, and good for the Soul of the Adulterous Dutcheſs.

In this Manner lived the Dutcheſs for the Space of three Years, never ſeeing the Face of any but *Philip* and the Prieſt her Confeſſor, whiſt the Duke liv'd Loofe and Luxuriouſly, wantonized in all Manner of unlawful Pleaſures, and luſtful Deſires, there was hardly a handſome Virgin in *Ulme* that he did not betray, nor a beautiful Woman that he did not corrupt; his Palace was now become a meer *Seraglio*, and his Court a more honourable Stews. In the mean time Captain *Conrade* (a Truce being made between

between the *Christians* and *Turks*) return'd to *Vienna*, and from thence with the Emperor's leave to his own Country, full of Glory and Renown, to visit his Friends and Relations, till the End of the Truce should call him again to Action. Being come again to *Villengen* he soon understood his Brother's Preferment under the Duke of *Ulme*, the various Fortune of the Dutcheſs, her Imprisonment in the Castle of *Blaford*, where his Brother was Constable, and all other Circumstances that Fame or common Report could inform him of. *Conrade* finding the powerful Image of this lovely Lady yet fresh in his Mind, with all those Charms she overcame him with, when he releas'd her from her Ravishers, and remembring her kind Letters and amorous Expressions, found he had a great Desire to see her, notwithstanding the Change of her Condition, which he might easily effect by the Means of his Brother who was her Keeper. He therefore privately, and without any Attendance, went over to *Blaford*, and staying at a House in a little Village near the Castle, sent a Messenger with a Note to his Brother, to acquaint him he desired to see him, but without any Company for some Reasons he should afterwards understand ; *Philip* could not but wonder at the Secrecy and Caution that he us'd in his Visit ; but however observ'd his Directions and went immediately over to him. The Ceremony of their mutual Respects being over, *Conrade* conjur'd *Philip* to hearken to his Request, and told him the passionate Desire he had to see the Dutcheſs, which he might easily accomplish by changing Cloaths with him, they being so alike, that nothing but the Difference of their Habits distinguished them. *Philip* along time endeavoured to dissuade him from it, urging the Danger and Hazard of the Attempt ; but Love had blinded his Eyes and stop't his Ears to all Considerations, and the Importunity of *Conrade* at last prevailed with *Philip*, who changing Cloaths with him, gave him full Instructions of all the

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the Ways and Cuſtoms he uſ'd, and delivering him the Keys, they embraced and parted. *Philip* accoutred with his Buſſ, Sword and Feathers, went back to *Villengen*, inſtead of *Conrade*, and *Conrade* went to the Caſtle, where he was admitted by the Soldiers for *Philip*, without the leaſt Suſpition or Miſtruſt. At the time accuſtomed he carried the Dutcheſs her Allowance, whom he could not behold without Grief and Trouble, his Eyes were fixt on her Face, which he ſaw Pale and Wan, and much alter'd by that Severity uſ'd to her, but yet that Tyranny had not robb'd her of all her Beauty and Sweetneſs, the Pleaſing Air of her Face was yet preſerved, tho' her Complexion was faded, and even in that Languiſhment ſhe carried Charms and Sorceries. The next day *Conrade* diſcovered himſelf to the Dutcheſs in theſe Words, *Behold, Madam, here at your Feet, no longer your Gealor Philip, but your Adorer and Lover Conrade, who hath preſerv'd your Image intire in his Heart, who bewales and pities your Miſfortunes, and who now comes to offer you a Life which hath been preſerved from ſo many Dangers that it might redeem you from Captivity.* Long it was before he could convince the Dutcheſs that he was *Conrade* and not *Philip*, and ſeeing his Words and Actions had yet ſcarce gain'd Credit with her, he produc'd the Letter he had formerly receiv'd from her; ſaying, *This, Madam, I have kept as a precious Relique of your Affection; it is penn'd by your own fair Hands, and your Eyes can witneſs the Truth of what I ſay.* The Dutcheſs viewing the Letter, was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, for now ſhe was aſſur'd he was *Conrade* and not *Philip*, and throwing her Arms about his Neck, in a Tranſport of Joy ſunk down into his. Before they parted a vow'd League of Friendſhip paſſ'd between them, and Articles of a Polluted and Adulterous Love was ſealed; they are now become one, and united in Wickedneſs, and the Amorous and Paſſionate *Conrade* ſufficiently ſatisfy'd the luſtful Dutcheſs, that

66 *God's Revenge against Adultery.*

that he was not the Eunuch *Philip*, but her first Beloved *Conrade*. He often offer'd to carry her from *Ulme*; which she refus'd, saying, *She could be no where so secure; and that it added much to the Sweetness of Pleasure, that she could in some Measure revenge her self on her cruel Husband, in the same Place he had so grievously punish'd her.*

Philip being now desirous to return his Command, left *Villengen* in order to go to the Castle of *Blaford*, but the Duke met *Philip* upon the Road, as he was riding out to take the Air, and stopp'd, and ask'd him where he had been, and how he came to leave the Castle of *Blaford*, and what was the Reason he was thus metamorphos'd into a Man of War? *Philip* was very much surprized, and looking strangely on the Duke, as if he had never seen him before, *I suppose Sir, (says he) you are some Person of Quality by your Train, but I must tell you, you mistake me for my Brother Philip, who is Governour of the Castle of Blaford, whom I am now going to visit, whose likeness to me often causes these Mistakes.* The Duke knew *Philip* durst not jest with him, and seeing him in the Garb of a Soldier, remembred he had heard the Dutchess some time speak of the great Resemblance and Likeness of the two Brothers, believed he was in an Error, and then told him that he was the Duke of *Ulme*, and that he should go along with him that Night, and the next Day they would ride over to *Blaford*, where he would give himself the Satisfaction of so great a Curiosity. The Duke accordingly did so, and *Conrade* appear'd to him in the Habit of *Philip*, and he in *Conrade's*, who were so much alike, that the Duke and the whole Company were strangely amaz'd at it. The Duke return'd to *Ulme*, and *Philip* and *Conrade* stay'd at *Blaford*, where *Philip* earnestly prest him to change his Cloaths, and deliver up the Command of the Castle to him, for fear any unhappy Accident should make a Discovery of their Persons, which would prove fatal to them both; *Conrade* told

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told *Philip* it was impossible, but if he would go to *Villengen* and return two Months after, he would then comply with his Desire, which he accordingly did.

Conrade and the *Dutchess* enjoy'd themselves in the unbounded Pleasures of their Lust, and laugh'd at that Vengeance which was now ready to punish all their Lewdness and Debauchery, by a Miserable and Tragical Catastrophe. The *Duke* began now to think afresh on the Likeness of the two Brothers, and how easily he might be deceived if they should agree together, that *Conrade* should be the Keeper of his *Dutchess* instead of the Eunuch *Philip*. He knew the Service that *Conrade* had done the *Dutchess* formerly, and some had told him that his Actions exprest more of Love than Civility: Evil Men have Evil Thoughts, and they measure other Mens Actions by their own. For this Reason the next Night he went privately over to the Castle, attended only with four of his Gentlemen, resolving to satisfy himself whether it was *Philip* or *Conrade*, who had now the Command of the Castle, and keeping of the *Dutchess*. The Warders and Soldiers of the Gate knew the *Duke* and admitted him, wondring at his coming, who went directly to *Philip's* Apartment, thinking to surprize him in Bed, and there to satisfy himself, but not finding him, his Suspition encreas'd, and he went directly to the door of the *Dutchess* her Cell, which he found lock'd, and harkning at it, he heard the *Dutchess's* Voice, and that of a Man discoursing with her. *Conrade*, who usually visited the *Dutchess* at Nights, and spent the most part of it in her Company, was now there and in the Raptures of his lustful Pleasures. The *Duke* knock'd loud at the door, which very much surpriz'd *Conrade* and the *Dutchess*, who immediately opening of it, saw the *Duke* with Anger and Fury in his Face, whereupon he flew to his Sword that lay upon the Table, and laid two of the Foremost dead at his Feet; whereupon the *Duke* presently concluded by his bold and manly Courage, he

he was not *Philip* but *Conrade*, which so far intriged him, that he advanc'd himself against this *Lyon Conrade*, from whom he receiv'd so home a Thrust, that his Sword passing through his Ribbs, appear'd a handful behind his Back, but at the same Instant, one of the Guard struck *Conrade* o'er his Head with a Pole-ax, so deep that his Brains flew out, and he fell at the same time with the *Duke* dead at his Feet. The *Duke* being yet not quite dead commanded them to search *Conrade*, and finding him to be no *Eunuch*, and consequently not *Philip*, commanded him to dispatch the *Dutchess*, that he might have the Satisfaction of seeing her punished before he dyed, upon which one of the Guard sheathed his Sword in her fair Breast, as she sat on the Side of the Bed, amazed and astonished at the Suddenness of this Misfortune, the *Dutchess* fell backwards upon the Bed and dyed, and the *Duke* presently after expired, who liv'd only to see her punished. Thus their three Souls fled away at one Moment; but whether they kept pace together, or how separated in the vast Abyss of Eternity, is not our Business to enquire, but their dead Bodies remain'd a sad Spectacle of *Divine Vengeance* against the horrid Sin of Adultery.

This was the sad and lamentable Conclusion of the Adulterous Dutchess, who had she been as Eminent in Chastity, as she was Infamously Incontinent, might have liv'd the glorious Pattern of Vertue, as she dyed the shameful Example of Sin and Misery.

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Parmel and Cleandra.

A VENETIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY V.

Dr. Parmel by an Opiate Powder debauches Cleandra, gets her with Child and marries her. Cleandra in Revenge commits Adultery with Seignior Makenti, her former Lover; Dr. Parmel gives her the foul Disease, then designing to poison her, by mistake poisons himself. Cleandra dies miserably in the Lazaretto, and Makenti lives infamously, having lost his Nose and both his Eyes.

Seignior Conto, a Gentleman of great Worth and Abilities, upon the death of Seignior Bardi, was one of those many Candidates for the Procuratorship of St Mark at Venice, which was become vacant: But Fortune not favouring his Designs, his Adversaries

ries being very intent, they prevail against his Interest (though no Person had deserved better of that Republick) he lost it : Upon this finding the Merit of all his former Services disesteemed, retired from *Venice* in discontent, and settled at his Country House at *Marli* five Miles distant. He was Master of a very considerable Estate, and blest with one only Child, a Daughter, named *Cleandra*, whose admirable Beauty, vertuous Education, and the Honour of her Family, made her greatly esteemed by all; but among the Multitude of Courtiers who made their Addresses to her, Signior *Makenti*, a Gentleman of *Venice*, blest'd with a plentiful Estate, was that happy Man who had gain'd her Affections, and the Esteem of her Parents; and in the Opinion of the World, would carry the beautiful Prize from the rest of the numerous Pretenders.

At this time, a young Gentleman, whose Name was Signior *Parmel*, having lately commenced Dr. of Physick at *Padua*, (whose Father had been Signior *Conto's* intimate and familiar Acquaintance at *Venice*) came over to *Marli* to make a Visit to Signior *Conto* and his Lady, who was at first Sight so captivated by the Beauty of *Cleandra*, that though his discretion forbid him making any publick Application to her, by Reason her Fortune so wonderfully exceeded his; yet he flatter'd himself with Hopes of Success, if he could by any Means divert the intended Marriage between her and *Makenti*. In this design one lucky Accident assisted him more than all his Wit and Invention could do; for their happening a Quarrel between Signior *Makenti* and Signior *Lassuno*, upon discourse of Signior *Conto's* missing the Procuratorship of *St. Mark*; after several sharp Words on both sides, Signior *Lassuno* drew his dagger, and suddenly stab'd Signior *Makenti* into the Breast four Inches deep, and immediately made his Escape. Chirurgions were sent for who dress'd *Makenti's* Wound, telling him they hop'd to make a good Cure of it, for though it

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was very deep it had miss'd the Vitals, which in six Weeks time they effected. The great Loss of Blood *Makenti* suffer'd, threw him into a Consumption, upon which he was removed to *Padua*, where he continued for three Months with small Hopes of Recovery. In this time *Dr. Parmel* made frequent Visits at *Signior Conto's*; and by his insinuating Carriage and Behaviour had gain'd a more than ordinary Friendship in the Family; but yet considering the vast disproportion between his Quality and Fortune, and *Signior Conto's*; never durst discover to the Father or Daughter, that Love and Affection which lay smothering in his Breast. After several Considerations how to effect his Purpose, at last he resolv'd to try how far the Mysterious Secrets of his own Art and Profession could assist his design, and accordingly one day prepar'd an Opiat Powder, which he had compounded of such Ingredients as he thought most proper, and waited an Opportunity to give it *Cleandra* in such a Vehicle, as would admit no Discovery.

Three days after in the Evening *Dr. Parmel* came down from his Study, and found *Cleandra* in the Kitchen making a Pot of *Chocolate*, for the Entertainment of some Friends in the Parlour; *Cleandra* offer'd him a Dish, who thanked her, and said he would accept it upon Terms that she would drink another, which being agreed to, he privately convey'd the Opiate Powder into her Mefs, without any Suspicion. About an Hour after the Powder began to operate so effectually, that though she endeavour'd to divert the Drowsiness which had so strangely crept upon her, by walking in the Garden, and other violent Agitation, yet at last it prevail'd, and she was forc'd to retire to her Chamber, where she repos'd her self upon the Bed, charm'd into a deep Sleep by the powerful Medicine. *Dr. Parmel* narrowly watch'd her, and seeing her go into the Chamber followed after, and there found her upon the Bed fast asleep; whereupon

whereupon observing the rest of the Family were otherwise busied, thought he might now securely prosecute his wicked design, and locking the Chamber door, treacherously robb'd sleeping *Cleandra* of her Honour and Virginity, which her waking Vertue had constantly defended against all the Temptations of Lust, and Charms of Love. The *Doctor* having thus far accomplish'd his Ends, opened the door and went out undiscovered, leaving *Cleandra* fast asleep, who continued so for several Hours till the soporific Vertue of the Powder was extinguished, and then wak'd without being in the least sensible of the Injury she had received from those villanous Practices of the *Doctor*, but as pleasing Dreams, or the sportive Frolicks of Fancy and Imagination presented her with. *Dr. Parmel*, two days after took his leave and return'd to *Venice*, expecting with Impatience, the Issue of this odd Experiment.

Five Months after, *Seignior Makenti*, whose Recovery had been retarded by frequent Relapses, return'd to *Marli* in perfect Health, and earnestly desired that his Espousals with the fair *Cleandra* might now be no longer deferred, which his own Misfortune had been the unhappy Cause of; but being acquainted that his Mistress had for some time been very much indispos'd and now kept her Chamber, desired to see her, whom he found so strangely alter'd, he scarce knew her to be the same, but by the faint Remains of that flourishing Beauty which had once reign'd in her Face, and made a Conquest of his Heart. *Seignior Makenti* was equally surpriz'd and griev'd to see her in this Condition, she was grown pale and lean, her Eyes were livid and hollow, and all the Expressions of her Tongue, spoke an inward and a settled discontent of Mind. *Seignior Conto* and his Lady were no less afflicted, and advised with several of the most eminent Physicians, what should be the Cause of her Dislemper, and what the most proper and speedy Cure; they all agreed she was with Child,

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and her Disease no other than the natural Infirmities of Women in such Cases, which her Parents heard with Horror and Amazement. The Doctors being gone, her Father and Mother with Tears in their Eyes conjur'd her to tell the Truth, and discover who was that lustful Paramour that had dispoil'd her of her Honour, and brought that Stain and Infamy upon their Family, which all their Tears were not able to wash away. *Cleandra*, with no less Trouble and Astonishment, deny'd the Guilt of such lewd Debaucheries, and by all the sacred Powers of Heaven, protested her Innocence and unspotted Chastity: The Sighs, Tears, and passionate Imprecations of *Cleandra*, perswaded her Parents at last to think the Doctors mistaken in their Judgments, and that the swelling of her Belly, which they considered as an Argument of her Pregnancy, was occasioned by a *Tympany*, or some other Præter-natural Tumour, which was the real Cause of her present Distemper.

Some time after *Dr. Parmel* came over to *Marli*, and excused himself that the Multitude of Business had made him so great a Stranger, and wanting in those respectful Visits their great Civilities oblig'd him to; and missing *Cleandra* at Dinner, particularly inquir'd how she did, and if she was yet married? Her Mother answer'd with a Sigh, that she was very ill and had been so for two Months past, in which time she had not stir'd out of her Chamber; *Dr. Parmel* seem'd very much concerned at the young Ladies Illness, and desired he might be admitted to see her, and that he should think himself extreamly happy if the best of his Art and Skill could contribute any thing to her Recovery: Her Mother told him, she was afraid she already too well understood her Distemper, which in due time Nature would discharge of it self, and that indeed she was asham'd any Friend should see her in that Condition, which would end in Shame to her self, and Disgrace to all her Relations. The *Doctor* seem'd wholly ignorant of what she meant (though
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extreamly pleas'd at the Success of his Design) and still more earnestly press'd to see her, which at last she consented to, and conducted him to *Cleandra's* Chamber, whom he found alone extream Pensive and Melancholly. The *Doctor* after he had express'd his Respects and Sorrow for her present Illness, desired to feel her Pulse, and after several other critical Observations, more for Form than any thing else, told her Mother her Distemper now would not be of long Continuance, that she was certainly with Child, and all that he could direct was as a Friend and not a Physician, that they would prevail with her to confess who was the Father, and by a speedy Marriage, prevent that disgrace, which otherwise was unavoidable; whereupon the Mother desired him to use his Endeavours with her, to discover the Person, and that she would withdraw, that *Cleandra* might with more Freedom discourse him, and accordingly did so. After the *Doctor* had said what he thought convenient in pursuit of that Question which he himself was only able to answer, he took his leave and told her Mother, that was he not assured by all those infallible Symptoms he had observed that she was with Child, her solemn Protestations to the contrary, would almost perswade him to credit what she had said in her own Vindication: Upon which her Mother ask'd him if it was possible for a Woman to conceive in her Sleep, without being sensible of those Pleasures of Fruition, and the Person she enjoy'd; to which the *Doctor* answered it was possible, and that we might observe it in several Persons who walk in their Sleep and do those several Acts of which they have no Remembrance when they wake. This one Argument prevail'd with Seignior *Conto* and his Lady, to believe *Cleandra* was with Child, and at the same time innocent of the Guilt and ignorant of the Person; for she had oftentimes walked about her Chamber, and sometimes down into the Dairy, and

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After several Considerations what was to be done in a Matter of so much Difficulty, and that did they know the real Father, he might possibly prove to be the Groom or Footman, where the discredit and reproach of such a Match would be equal to the infamous Name of Courtezan. The *Doctor* told them, that if they thought him a worthy Husband for *Cleandra*, he would marry her immediately, nor did he value her being with Child, nor who was the Father, since he was so well satisfied her Soul was immaculate and pure, though her Reputation was stain'd; and that the preserving of her Fame, and the Honour of so illustrious a Family, was more dear to him than any private Interest or Respect to himself. Seignior *Conto* was infinitely pleas'd to hear the *Doctor* express himself in those Terms, and after his most particular Thanks, told him he would endeavour in few Days to dispose *Cleandra* to the Match, which he did, and ten Days after they were privately married; not long after Seignior *Conto* and his Lady both dyed, and left their whole Estate to Dr. *Parmel*, and his Children by *Cleandra*; who now lived at *Marli* in great Esteem and Reputation.

It happened one day after Dinner, the *Doctor* being in a most pleasant Humour, and the Discourse of the Company leading to it, he told them by what Trick he had married a Person of that Quality and Estate *Cleandra* was; at which they seem'd very much surpriz'd, but in Compliment commended his Design, which had now crown'd him with so bountiful a Success. *Cleandra* bit her Lip, and by change of Colour, discovered the inward Perplexity of her Thoughts, nor could she altogether refrain from some passionate Expressions of her Resentment, that she should lie under the great Scandal of a Whore, and lose her Lover *Makenti*, whom she loved dearer than her Life, and be so basely betray'd into a Marriage

with so mean and perfidious a Wretch as the *Doctor* was. Some time after she writ a Letter to *Makenti*, and acquainted him with all the Circumstances of this Relation, who was extreemly troubled at it; and upon the first Discourse of her being with Child, had utterly forsaken her and never since seen her. The Discovery of this Intrigue, created a more particular Love and Respect between *Makenti* and *Cleandra*, who readily agreed, to revenge the Injury they had both received from the faithless *Doctor*, by abusing his Bed in their Adulterous Enjoyments, and charging his Forehead with the shameful Emblem of a Cuckold, which they thought the Heinousness of the Provocation would warrant them in. Thus did they continue in their Adulterous Pleasures, till the *Doctor* grew sensible of it, and by frequent Observations of their private Meetings, was sufficiently confirm'd in the Truth of their lustful Embraces; whereupon he resolv'd to meet them with a proportionate Revenge which he thus effected. Having a young Gentlewoman under Cure, who was very much afflicted with the Venereal Distemper, he designedly infected himself with it, which he communicated to his Wife, and she to *Makenti*, who neither of them suspecting the present Cause of their Illness, were so surpriz'd by the Venom of the Disease, that *Makenti* in a short time lost his Nose and both his Eyes, and hardly escap'd with Life, spending the rest of his Days in Shame and Repentance, *Cleandra* languish'd a long time in great Misery, which her Husband saw with Pleasure and Satisfaction, and growing weary at last to see her Distemper so tedious in the Punishment he design'd, prepar'd a Cordial for her, in which he inus'd a large Dose of Poison, and recommending it to her as a great Restorative to take at three in the Afternoon, went Abroad, expecting at his Return to find her in the Agonies of Death. *Dr. Parmel* coming back very hot and faint (it being the midst of *August*) went directly to her Chamber,

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and sitting down by the Bed-side, took a Glass of Cordial Drink, which stood by amongst the rest, and hastily drank it off; very kindly asking her how she did, and what Good she found by that Cordial he had order'd her; *I have not yet taken it, said Cleandra, and don't design it till to Morrow, for I find my self much better than I was;* at which the Doctor started and call'd for it, when the Maid told him, *that was it you drank Sir;* at which he cry'd out, *I am poison'd, I am poison'd;* and sent for his Confessor, to whom he related his intended Design of poisoning his Wife, which he was now heartily sorry for, and in two Hours fell into violent Convulsions, and dyed in great Torment. *Cleandra continued in a most sad and deplorable Condition, and was afterwards removed to the Lazaretto, where she dyed in Misery and Ignominy.*

Thus we see vicious Lives end in infamous Deaths, and the subtle Dr. Parmel at last deceived himself; and was overtaken by a Punishment as just as unexpected. The lustful Makenti, and the fair but unchaste Cleandra receive their Torment by the poisonous Sting of those Pleasures they so Lasciviously and Adulterously delighted in.



St. Quintin and Cloissa.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY VI.

The Count of St. Quintin commits Adultery with Lovisa Countess of St. Denis, and kills her Husband in a Duel; whereupon he flies to Antwerp, and there debauches Cloissa, Wife to the Heer Van Zetgen. The House being accidentally fir'd, Cloissa is supposed burnt in it, but is preserved by the Count. They live in Adultery, till he falling from his Horse, is drag'd dead to her Door; upon which she is discovered and dies suddenly.

THE Count of St. Quintin was a Cavalier, eminently known in the Court of France, for his Intrigue with Mademoiselle Lovisa, Wife to the Earl of St. Denis: The Count her Husband growing sensible of the Injury and Disgrace he received from St.

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St. Quintin, sent him a Challenge, upon which they met in an adjacent Field to *Fountain-bleau*, where *St. Denis* was mortally wounded, of which in six Weeks after he dyed. *St. Quintin* withdrew himself for some time, and when he heard of the Death of *St. Denis*, made his escape to *Antwerp*, chief Town in the Marquisate of the Empire, in the Dukedom of *Brabant*; his Lady and the rest of his Family follow'd after, where he continued till the Justice of Heaven punished his present and former Debaucheries, by a Tragical and deserved Death.

At this time the *Heer Van Zetken* was Governour of *Antwerp*, to whom the Count of *St. Quintin*, upon his first Arrival, made his Compliment, and was received by him with all the Expressions of Respect and Kindness, due to a Gentleman of his Quality and Grandeur. The Count seeing himself daily obliged by the Civilities of the Governour, paid his Acknowledgments to him in constant Visits, which by degrees rendred them most intimate and familiar Acquaintance. The generous Hospitality of the Governour, often invited *St. Quintin* to his House, and the courtly Behaviour of the Earl made him a welcome and acceptable Guest. These frequent Interviews, gave him the Opportunity of a free Converse with his Lady *Cloissa*, whose Beauty was alone able to subdue an Empire, and her Wit command it. But alas *Cloissa's* Beauty was not adorn'd with Honesty, nor her Wit inspir'd with Grace. *St. Quintin* (whose Inclinations were always Amorous) soon discovered the Imperfections of *Cloissa*, and how to attaque the Fort where it was least capable of Resistance. To this end, he courted all Opportunities of Address to her, in which he behav'd himself with that Artifice and Cunning, that his subtle Charms soon won *Cloissa's* Heart, and made her a Slave to his Lust, whose Honour and Chastity, had they equal'd her Wit and Beauty, would have made her an Angel on Earth, and a Saint in Heaven.

The great Observance and profound Respects the Earl of St. *Quintin* constantly paid *Cloissa*, were diligently remark'd by Captain *Cassel*, a young Gentleman, and an Officer in the Town, who was deeply enamour'd with her Beauty, and promis'd himself that happy Conquest, which he now presum'd the Gallantry and Courtship of the Count had robb'd him of; this made him resolute in his Revenge, which his Interest and Familiarity with the Governour, in some Measure gave him an Opportunity to effect, which he endeavour'd in this Manner. Being one day alone, with the Governour in his Closet, he took occasion to commend the Count for a most compleat Gentleman, adding, that if he was as great a Soldier, as he was an accomplish'd Courtier, he believed his Valour and Conduct would render him no less successful in War, than he was now prosperous in all his Amourous Encounters with the fairer Sex. Say you so? said the Governour, is the Count of St. *Quintin* so great an Artist in the Affairs of Love? Yes, my Lord, said Captain *Cassel*, and has Confidence enough to tempt a Nun, if once his Breast is warm'd with the Heats of Passion and Desire. You would make me Jealous, said the Governour, did I not believe you are mistaken in the Character of him; I have oftentimes observ'd his familiar Freedom with my Wife, but never yet question'd his Honour or her Honesty. Heaven forbid, replied the Captain, no doubt but the fair *Cloissa*, is Vertuous too, Chaste and Uncorrupt, as the falling Snow, or Virgin Fountain; but this once sted upon the Earth, is trod by every common Foot, and those Waters which were pure in their Original Bed, do often lodge in dirty Ditches, and by the dangerous Neighbourhood of Filth, at last incorporate with it, and become polluted Streams. I mean Sir, the Devil tempted Eve, and she yielded to it. But though I believe the Count of St. *Quintin* dare be a Devil in his Temptation; yet I hope *Cloissa* will never be an Eve in her Compliance. This Discourse fir'd the Governour's

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Governour's Breast with Jealousie and Suspicion, and to add more Fuel to the Flame, looking accidentally out of the Window, he saw the Count and *Cloissa* walking hand in hand in the Garden; but being at that instant acquainted that some of the principal Officers of the Town attended him in the Hall, he broke off the Discourse, and went immediately down to them.

Two days after, the Count received this Letter from one of his Footmen, which was delivered to him in the Streets by an unknown Person, with Orders to carry it immediately to his Lord.

Cloissa to the Count of St. Quintin.

My Lord,

THE Jealousie of my Husband (notwithstanding our Care and Secrecy) begins to suspect my Friendship to you exceeds the Bounds of my Faith to him, and Honour to my self; for which reason, he hath severely checkt me, and confin'd me to my Chamber; but all his Cruelty shall never divide my Heart from you, though at present he denies me the Enjoyment of your Company, and those ravishing Pleasures I covet with equal Ardour. I suppose Captain Cassel (whose Courtship I always entertain'd with a Frown, and slighted his Want of Merit with my constant Disrespect) is the sole cause of it, whose Insolence, your Prudence and Courage know best how to correct. Farewel my dear Lord, and be as constant in your Love to me, as I am sincere in my Affection to you, which shall never Expire, but with the dying Breath of your

Cloissa.

The Count upon the Receipt of this Letter, was very much concern'd for the Distress of *Cloissa*, but not knowing how to remedy it, at present conceal'd his Resentments; and lest he should give further Suspicion of his Guilt to the Governour, by the Discontinuance of his Visits, made them as frequent as

before, still expressing his Respect to him, with the same serene Countenance and easie Freedom he us'd to do : He had now leifure to meditate a Revenge on Captain *Cassel*, but considering him as a particular Favourite of the Governour's, he thought it not Discretion to give him any publick Affront ; but understanding he had an Intrigue with *Oliva* (the Daughter of one *Caldw*, a Shoemaker, who was dead) and by fair Promises had got her with Child, and now deserted her ; he privately, by *Bautrin* his Taylor, encourag'd her to complain to the Governour, which she did, and expos'd the Captain to the Discourse of the Town, in his Name and Reputation, but without any Advantage to her self. This so incens'd *Oliva*, who had the Courage of an Amazon, and the Malice of a Woman, that she swore a Revenge, and *Bautrin* acquainted the Count with her Resolution, who order'd *Bautrin* to animate her in it, and tell her, that *Cassel* was a dastardly Captain, and if she sent him a Challenge in the Name of some Friend of hers he would never dare to fight, but sign what Terms she offered. *Oliva* who was of a bold undaunted Spirit, approv'd his Advice, saying, if she had but Cloaths, Horse and Arms, she would immediately prosecute it ; which *Bautrin* promised, and two days after furnished her with all Necessaries, that she wanted nothing now but an Opportunity to engage her Enemy, and revenge her self on the faithless and treacherous Captain. *Oliva* being thus equipp'd by the Directions of *Bautrin*, sent Captain *Cassel* this Challenge by a private Footman in an unknown Livery.

For Captain Cassel.

THE Injury you have done poor *Oliva*, whose Innocence and Vertue you have basely betrayed, obliges me to demand Satisfaction of you ; as I am a Gentleman and a Soldier I am engaged by the Honour of both, to relieve the Distressed ; for which, and no other Reason,

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Hist. VI. St. Quintin and Cloissa.

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Reason, I expect you alone, at five to morrow morning on Horseback with Sword and Pistol, in the Field near the North-gate, without the Wall, where the Courage of my Heart, and Justice of my Cause, shall make you as infamous in your Death, as you have been virtuous in your Life.

Polyntus.

The Captain received this Challenge with Wonder and Surprize, enquir'd of the Footman who his Master was, but he being instructed to the contrary, told him he had no Orders to resolve any Questions, but return with his Answer; which the Captain with some Trouble and Disorder told him he should have, and bid him acquaint his Master, he would not fail to meet him upon the Word of a Gentleman and Reputation of a Soldier, at the Time and Place appointed. These Champions met accordingly, and the Female Warriour without any Compliment discharged a Pistol, which wounded the Captain in the left Shoulder, upon which he immediately desir'd a Parley, and promis'd the present Payment of a hundred Pistols, to compose the Quarrel, which *Oliva* accepted of, and an Hour after received them at his Quarters, and then discovered herself: For the bravery of this Action, *Oliva* was highly commended of all, and the Captain so scorn'd and flouted that he immediately quitted his Command and retir'd into the Country to a private Life.

The Count made very good Advantage of Captain *Cassel's* Disgrace, and so well improv'd it, that the Governour reflecting on the Debauchery of the Captain, which was so notoriously apparent, began to think the Count innocent of his Aspersions, and *Cloissa* truly Vertuous; upon which he soon after took off her restraint, but still watch'd her Behaviour with an observing Eye. This the Count was sensible of, which made them both so cautious to prevent new Fears and Jealousies in the Husband, that they never durst exchange a Smile, or one amorous Glance, but by

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by stealth, and all their present Delights, were but the empty Effects of exalted Imagination.

A Month after the Governour appointed a Mask, and invited the Count, his principal Officers, and several Gentlemen of the Town, who all came in Masquerading Habits: The Count had Notice of it a Week before, and withal from *Cloissa*, that her Husband had strictly charg'd her to keep her Chamber that Night, for he did not think it proper she should appear, since he had only design'd the Entertainment for Gentlemen, nor was there any of her Sex to be admitted: This was a great affliction to *Cloissa*, who had some Hopes by the Advantage of her Disguise, to have had a more private Converse with the Count, which she saw herself now wholly debarr'd from. The Count having considered the Circumstances of Time and Place, communicated his design to an intimate Acquaintance, and desired him to be there dress'd in the same Habit exactly with himself, but to stand in a Corner where he might not be taken Notice of, with a Cloke on, and not to appear till he gave him his Q. to enter. After two Hours Diversion, they were all conducted into the Dining-Room, where they had a noble and splendid Entertainment, and pulling off their Masks, paid their mutual Respects to one another. The Collation being over they return'd to the Hall, and the Count withdrew to his Friend, where he put on his Cloke, and sent him into the Hall to Masquerade: his Person, who was so like him in the Proportion of his Body Stature and Habit, that the most critical Eye, could not distinguish him. The Count was immediately conducted to *Cloissa's* Apartment by *Lydia* her Woman, where the Lovers feasted their longing Desires in the unbounded Joys of their Adulterous and Lascivious Passions.

In the midst of their Pleasures above, the Footmen and Servants were revelling in Drunkenness below; whereby their Carelesness and Neglect of their Flambeaux, the Room was fir'd, which burnt so furiously,

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ously, that in an instant *Cloissa's* Chamber, which was over head, was in a bright Flame before they were sensible of it. The Gentlemen in the Hall were strangely surprized with the loud Out-cryes of Fire, and as little able to assist in the extinguishing the Flames, as their drunken Servants; but each made haste to preserve himself. The Count and *Cloissa*, by the Care and Diligence of *Lydia*, had more early notice of the Danger and almost choak'd with the Smoke, with great difficulty got down the back Stairs; and thus they all three sav'd themselves from the Rage of the devouring Flames. No sooner were they got safe into the Court, but the Roof fell down, and the Count spreading his Cloke over *Cloissa* (who was in her Night Gown) carried her to his Coach, and with her and *Lydia* went to his Friend's Lodgings, who had personated him in the Hall, who presently came in, in great Horror and Affright, believing the Count (who he knew was in *Cloissa's* Chamber) had been burnt with her, for the Report at the House was, that *Cloissa* and her Maid had both suffered in the Flames.

The next day, the Count disposed *Cloissa* and *Lydia*, to a private Lodging three Miles off in the Country, where he made his constant Visits to her, and without Controul indulg'd himself in her lustful Arms, and the dissolute Pleasures of her Adulterous Bed. The Governour her Husband sadly lamented her Loss, and continued in close Mourning for her a Twelvemonth after; which she often had the Pleasure to see and smile at, as often as she met him in the Streets, where she never appear'd in her Coach, but with her Mask on. Thus they continued for two Years, riotous in their Pleasures, only then most happy, when in their close Embraces they were most luxuriously wicked; till at last the Countess was privately acquainted with the Amours of her Husband; which he had so secretly manag'd that the Lady was yet undiscover'd. It happened one day, that the
Count

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Count being ready to go Abroad to make his customary Visits to his Mistress, the Countess earnestly intreated him to stay within, adding she was not ignorant of his secret Pleasures, which she with more Passion than Prudence charg'd him withal. The Count highly inrag'd, told her he should not forget her Insolence, nor should her Prayers or Tears prevail with him, though all the Devils in Hell oppos'd him in the Way ; at which he clapt Spurs to his Horse, and rid on with full speed ; but had not gone above two Miles, before his Horse threw him, and (his Foot hanging in the Stirrup) dragg'd him along the Road, till he had beat out his Brains ; and coming to *Cloissa's* Lodging, stopt at the door, who soon saw the wretched and deplorable End of her Unhappy and Adulterous Lover.

The Countess had presently Notice of the miserable Death of her Husband, and in her Coach went directly to *Cloissa's* Lodgings (where his mangled Body lay) and here saw the most rueful Sight that ever Eyes beheld. After she had in some measure discharg'd her Grief in Showers of Tears and lamentable Exclamations, she sent for the Officers, and desired that the Strumpet, who had been the sole Cause of this Misfortune, might be apprehended and carried before the Governour, whose Justice she hop'd, would punish her according to the Quality of the Crime and her own Demerits. *Cloissa* and *Lydia* were presently seiz'd and carried before the Governour, where the Countess spar'd no Aggravations her Passion prompted her to, or the Circumstances of the Thing admitted of. The Governour with an attentive Ear, heard this dismal Relation, and express'd his Sorrow for the Loss of so worthy a Gentleman, and intimate a Friend as the Count was, and then ordered the accused Lady to make her Defence, and withal bid her and her Maid put up their Hoods, and discover their Faces ; which they delaying to do, the Officers pulled them off, when the Governour at first

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sight knew her to be his Wife, and with surprize and wonder cryed out, *It is my Wife, It is my Wife;* at which Words she drop'd down in a Swoond, from which she never recovered. *Lydia* to the great Astonishment of the Governour and the numerous Crowd of Spectators, gave a full Relation of all these Passages, which she had been privy to; whereupon she was committed to Prison, and a Week after condemned to be publicky whipt in the Market Place of *Antwerp*, and for ever banished the City.

He that goes on in a constant Course of Sin, runs on the Devils Errand, and like St. Quintin, rides Post to his own Execution; whilst the guilty Cloissa, conscious of her Shame, dyes suddenly under the Horror of her own Crimes, to prevent a more ignominious Punishment.

Bertolin



Bertolin and Aurella.

A FRENCH HISTORY.

HISTORY VII.

Monsieur Bertolin commits Adultery with Aurella, Monsieur Chapee's Wife, his intimate Friend; upon the Discovery whereof she stabs her self. Monsieur Chapee in Revenge cheats Orinta, in the Disguise of Bertolin her Husband, and lies with her; Bertolin surprizes them in Bed, mortally wounds Orinta, and is then kill'd by Chapee, who is apprehended and executed for the Murther and Adultery.

IN the Reign of that August and Noble Prince, *Henry* the 4th King of *France*, the Marquess of *Conti* was made Governour of *Orleanse*, in whose Family Monsieur *Bertolin* and Monsieur *Chapee*, two young Gentlemen of Noble Birth, and related to the Marquess and his Lady, received their Education and first In-

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structions in Arms and Military Discipline: The Equality of their Age and Fortunes, with their constant Society, rendered them by Degrees most intimate and familiar Friends; and if their outward Shape and Features could add any thing to the inward Harmony of their Affections; never were two Persons more alike, they appear'd the same, distinguish'd only by the different Appellations of *Bertolin* and *Chapee*. But as the Figure of their Bodies so nearly resembled each other, so their Temper of Mind was as much unlike, *Bertolin* was proud and haughty, of a Courage that rather fear'd no Evil than lov'd what's Good; *Chapee* was modest and humble, lov'd Goodness for its own Native Beauty, and thought nothing so base and degenerate in a Gentleman, as Sin and Wickedness. At this time dyed Monsieur *le Farin*, great Uncle to the Marquess, and left his Estate to *Aurella*, a young Lady, and his Neice, the Care of whose Person and Fortune, he committed to the Marquess of *Conti* and his Lady, under whose prudent Government, she received all the Accomplishments of a Religious and Vertuous Lady.

The constant Conversation of *Bertolin* and *Chapee* with *Aurella*, and the Consideration of her Fortune, which was very great, soon fired their Hearts with the Flames of Love and Affection towards her. The Modesty of *Aurella*, her excellent Beauty and sweetness of Temper, were Charms able to warm the most frozen Breast, with Zeal to her Person and Admiration of her Vertue. These two Rivals made their Courtship to *Aurella* in Smiles and Glances, and all those little Services which might render them grateful to her, in which *Bertolin* and *Chapee* endeavour'd to outdo each other, but still with that Respect and Friendship, that no Clouds of Jealousie appear'd by any outward Expressions of Disrespect. They us'd often to hunt together, and one Morning, *Chapee* sent his Servant to *Bertolin* to acquaint him, he was going Abroad a hunting, and desired his Company;

Bertolin

Bertolin return'd his Thanks, and told him he was yet in Bed, but would rise and follow after; who did so, but when he came into the Field, as he soon found the rest of the Company, so he mist *Chapee*, and inquiring where he was, they answered, he came out with them, but the Dogs making a Default by yonder *Copse*, he rid in, and since they had not seen him. *Bertolin*, after four Hours stay, (*Chapee* not yet coming, and the Sport growing cold) return'd Home, where he expected to have met him, but the Groom told him he went Abroad in the Morning with the Dogs, and had not been at Home since, whereupon he went to *Aurella's* Chamber, where her Maid answered she was gone out in the Coach alone upon a Visit to *Pontaret*. The Weather being hot and *Bertolin* weary with his Mornings Exercise, he went to his Chamber, where after a turn or two, he lay down and drew the Curtains: A quarter of an Hour after, *Chapee* and *Aurella* coming by his Chamber (the same Stairs leading to her Apartment) saw the Door open, and no Body there; and supposing *Bertolin* was yet in the Field, walked in; but no sooner had they begun to express the Constancy and Sincerity of their Affection to each other, but they saw the Marquess coming cross the Court, with intent as they suspected to visit *Aurella*, upon which *Chapee*, hastily asked if he should not that Night be happy in her Arms? *Yes my dear*, said *Aurella*, *come between eleven and twelve, when my Maid is gone to her Chamber, and give three Scratches upon the Door with your Hand, let that be the Signal, and I will open it and let you in.* The Marquess was now coming up the Stairs, and *Chapee* and *Aurella*, being unwilling he should see them together, immediately parted.

Bertolin over-heard this Discourse, and presently suspected *Chapee* had dealt deceitfully with him by inviting him Abroad to hunt, that he might alone enjoy the beautiful *Aurella*, which he had reason to believe

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believe from the Freedom of their late Discourse, and that *Chapee* so soon left the Field, and when he came back found *Aurella* was gone out, who had no doubt made an Assignation to meet him, of which this was the Result, that *Chapee* should that Night be admitted to *Aurella's* Bed, to which Promise his own Ears were Witnesses. *Bertolin*, who ever had a most passionate Love for *Aurella*, and always believed her of unspotted Reputation and unquestionable Vertue, now began to exclaim against all her false and counterfeit Pretensions to Modesty; call'd her all the Names of a Whore and Strumpet, which did not so much trouble him that she was dishonest, of which he now made no question, but that he himself was not her happy Paramour, and to see *Chapee* prefer'd to those Pleasures to which his own Merit and Abilities gave him equal Claim, was an Affront he scorn'd to bear. However since he had a Revenge so sweet in his own Power, he resolv'd to prosecute it, and supplant *Chapee* of those Delights *Aurella* had promis'd with more Lust in her, than Desert in him: And having the Signal which would gain him Admittance at the Hour appointed, he concluded to make use of it to his own Advantage. Night being come and Supper ended, *Aurella* retir'd to her Chamber, and *Bertolin* endeavour'd to engage *Chapee* in Company with some Gentlemen of their Acquaintance at Cards, whilst he attended the lucky Hour; which he did with so much Artifice, excusing himself that he was very ill of a Pain in his Head, and desir'd to withdraw to his Chamber; that *Chapee* was obliged in Civility to his Friends, to stay with them, though he intended not to forfeit *Aurella's* Promise by too strict an Observance of the Rules of Friendship and good Manners. *Bertolin* went up to his Chamber and undrest, diligently waiting till he heard *Aurella's* Maid go out of her Chamber, and then in his Gown and Slippers went softly up, and scratched three times upon her Door, she presently rose and opened it; the Candle was
gone

gone for fear the Light might give any occasion of Suspicion, and *Aurella* took *Bertolin* by the Hand and led him to her Bed, gently whispering him not to speak for fear they should be over-heard by the Lady in the next Chamber.

Whilst *Bertolin* was revelling in stoln Delights, and rifling the richest Jewel in the whole Treasury of Love, *Chapee* came to the Door, and scratch'd three times, according to *Aurella's* Directions, which *Bertolin* heard, but *Aurella's* Senses were all lost, and dissolved in Raptures of Bliss. *Chapee* for fear of being discovered, went discontentedly back to his Chamber, accusing the innocent *Aurella* of Treachery and Injustice, and cursing his unhappy Stars which first inclined him to love and believe false and deceitful Women. In the Morning early, *Bertolin* stole from *Aurella's* Arms, leaving her fast asleep, and went to his own Chamber and so to Bed; his languishing Spirits coveted a Refreshment, and each weary Member a quiet Repose. *Aurella* according to her Custom, hearing the Bell toll to Chappel, drest and went to Prayers, where she saw *Chapee* with a sad and dejected Countenance, like one who had been all Night under the severities of Penance, which she little suspected had been true in the literal Sense. Prayers being done, *Aurella* went up to her Chamber, and *Chapee* followed, and upon the Stairs with a stern look told her, he thought his present Title to her Affections had been of more value with her than to be so slighted, and her Promise more sacred to him than so easily violated. *Aurella* reply'd, *I am sorry, my Dear, you did not reap the Satisfaction you expected, I had thought our Endearments had been mutual, and our Happiness equal in our exalted Joys.* The Marquis at that Word call'd *Chapee*, which broke off the Discourse. *Aurella* went up to her Chamber very much dissatisfied with *Chapee's* Behaviour and Expressions, and he no less concern'd at her Reply, wondring with himself, what could be the Sense and Meaning of it.

Bertolin

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Bertolin was now risen, and according to his Custom went to walk in the Garden, where he found *Aurella* gathering Flowers, and her Maid at a Distance from her, upon which he address'd himself to her with this Compliment: *These Flowers, Madam, are happy to be gather'd by your fair Hands, but certainly much happier is that Man who shall crop the blushing Rose of your Virginity; Aurella* started at the Expression, and told him those were Flowers in Discourse, which she did not understand, nor know how to Answer. *Bertolin* proceeded, *Is the Memory of last Nights Enjoyments so soon faded? Madam, I assure you the Relish of it is yet fresh in my Fancy, and my unwearied Imagination every Minute repeats those Pleasures with fresh Delights; Aurella* was strangely surpriz'd at his Discourse, and after a little pause told him, she had quite forgot all Riddles, and he that made them was best able to explain them. Whereupon Monsieur *Bertolin* discovered the Secret, telling her how happily he had over-heard their Discourse, and the Advantage he had made of it, and that if it was a Crime, he hop'd that absolute Royalty of Love, which encouraged him to the Transgression, would pardon the Fault. *Aurella* heard him with Wonder and Astonishment, and with a deep Sigh answered, *Alas Monsieur! Your mistaken Suspicion of my Dishonesty, will prove your Unhappiness and my Ruin! Our Loves were not unchaste as you imagined, I was yesterday privately married at Pontaret to Monsieur Chapee, and the Signal I gave him to enter my Chamber, was to compleat our Religious Vows in innocent Embraces; you have for ever undone me, your Friend and yourself* ——— *Oh, Oh,* and with that swoon'd away, *Bertolin* call'd her Maid to assist him, by whose help they carried her to her Chamber, where she continued all Day extreamly ill. Monsieur *Chapee* was presently acquainted with it, who came to know the Reason; to whom *Aurella* with Showers of Tears related all the Passages of the last Nights Transactions,

adding

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adding in the Close, Since we are so unfortunate in our Love, Heaven pardon me, and comfort you; I will rather choose to sacrifice my Life to the Memory of my lost Honour, and dye a Martyr to my Vertue, than live with the Shame and Ignominy of a Strumpet, and at that Word struck a Poniard to her Heart, of which she immediately dyed.

Monfieur Bertolin, upon the first Notice of Aurella's Tragical End, took Horse for Paris, where he continued some time, and then travell'd into Spain and Italy, and after three Years return'd to Paris, where he settled and married Orinta, Monfieur Cardans eldest Daughter, a Lady who had ingross'd all the Perfections of her Sex in her single self. Monfieur Chapee was for some time distracted, with that Torment of Grief which now seem'd to over-whelm him, but after two Years time recovered his Senses, and vow'd a severe Revenge, should only quit Scores with so treacherous a Friend and dangerous an Enemy.

Monfieur Chapee, after several Inquiries, at last heard Monfieur Bertolin was return'd to France, and married at Paris, where he lived in great State and Splendor; this refresh'd his Memory with the Heinousness of that Injury he had formerly offer'd him, and the Loss of so Vertuous a Wife who suffered upon his Account, which now whetted his Anger to a sharp Revenge, and exacted from him the Justice of as rigorous Punishment. After several Considerations in what proper Method he should challenge a Satisfaction, he resolv'd to Pistol him as cowardly, as he had treacherously abus'd him; but this not so well consisting with the Honour and Gallantry of Chapee, to take a base and ignoble Revenge; upon second Thoughts he resolv'd to pay him in his own Coin, and make his Abuse to Aurella, the Square of his Revenge on Bertolin, to this Purpose he went privately to Paris, where after he had learnt where Bertolin liv'd,

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liv'd, he lodg'd himself hard by, and narrowly watch'd his going Abroad, and at last by some Spies he hir'd to that Purpose, understood that three Days after he design'd to follow the Court to *St. Germans*, where he intended to stay a Week, and leave his Lady *Orinta* at Home. No sooner was *Bertolin* gone his Journey, but in the Evening late he came to his House, in the same Travelling Habit as *Bertolin* wore, which rendred him so like, that his very Servants receiv'd him as their Master; but for fear of any Discovery, he had brib'd *Orinta's* Woman with a Purse of Gold, in which were a hundred Pistoles, who was ready below to receive him, and conduct him to his Lady's Chamber, who was just gone to Bed. *Orinta* no sooner saw him, but believing him to be her Husband, cry'd out, *O Lord, my Dear, I hope you have met with no Misfortune, I did not expect you so soon; No*, said *Chapee* with a low Voice, *I forgot a Paper I must give to the Secretary of State, which was the Occasion of my Return, I must go back to morrow early and therefore I'll make haste to Bed*; upon which he undrest and slept into Bed, where no Man had ever better Opportunity or Encouragement to the Sweets of Revenge than *Chapee* now had. About twelve, the real Monsieur *Bertolin* return'd, having accidentally met with some Friends three Miles out of Town, who diverted his Journey for two or three Days, upon Promise they would bear him Company, if he would defer it till then, and spend the Day with them at Bowls, which he accepted of. *Bertolin* came hastily into his Chamber, without the least Suspicion of finding a Gallant in Bed with his Wife, whom he no sooner saw, without distinguishing who he was, but he pass'd at his Wife with his Sword, who lay next, and ran her deep into the left Breast: *Chapee* suddenly stept out of Bed, and catching his Sword, which lay naked by, prevented *Bertolin's* Revenge upon himself, by running him through the Heart, of which Wound he dropt down dead upon the

the Place. The next Morning *Orinta* dyed with great Pity and Lamentation for her unhappy End. Monsieur *Chapee* was presently apprehended, who voluntarily confess'd the Murther which he was forc'd to in his own Defence; and the Reason of his Adultery with *Orinta* (of which she was altogether innocent) that he might satisfie the Injuries he had receiv'd from Monsieur *Bertolin* in a proportionable Revenge, for which he was condemn'd to lose his Head before the *Bastile* in *Paris*, which two Days after was executed accordingly.

He that cherishes one Sin because it is but one, entertains a Legion of Devils in the singular Numbers which like the seeming Viper is big with a poisonous Off-spring of numerous Enemies.

Thus Monsieur Bertolin, thought Lust but a weak Enemy which once admitted, soon ripen'd into three Murthers, two Adulteries, and his own shameful and fatal Execution.

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Rigidoro and his two Sons.

AN ITALIAN HISTORY.

HISTORY VIII.

Carollo steals Corinna, his Sister unknown, from the Nunnery of St. Bridget, and lives in Incest with her; for which he is condemn'd to loose his Head, and she burnt. Erasto marries Favonia, a common Strumpet, Rigidoro disinherits him. He murders his Father and flies; is afterwards taken by the Turks; commits Adultery with Adulla, his Patrons Wife, whereupon she is strangled, and he flees alive. Favonia dyes miserably in the Burdello of the foul Disease.

IN the Popedom of Pius Quintus, Seignior Rigidoro, a young extravagant Gentleman, lived at Rome, who, according to the modish Gallantries of the Age,
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was a very compleat and fashionable Sinner, and familiarly acquainted with *Emilia* a young Lady, by whom he had one Daughter nam'd *Corinna*; who (to prevent the Shame, and conceal the Lewdness of her Parents) was privately Educated; and as soon as her Age had qualified her for the Vows of a Religious Life, dispos'd to the Nunnery of *St. Bridget*. Presently after the Birth of *Corinna*, *Rigido* married *Mariana* the only Daughter of Seignior *Placento* a Goldsmith; whose plentiful Fortune was above the Quality of her Family, and by her had two Sons, *Carollo* and *Eraſto*, and one Daughter. *Carollo* the eldest, was no sooner arriv'd to those Years which ought to have intitled him as discreet as manly, but he was eminently known through the whole City for the Debaucheries of his Life and Conversation, which rendred him no less acceptable to the lew'd and vicious, than he was abhorr'd and detested by all vertuous and sober Men. As he went one Day with some Gentlemen to see the Nunnery of *St. Bridget*, where one of his Friends had a Sister lately entered, he had the Fortune to see a young Gentlewoman, whose Beauty suddenly inflam'd his Heart, with the wanton Desires of Love; which he cherish'd, though with but slender Hopes of accomplishing his Design, and reaping that Satisfaction he so earnestly coveted; after he had enquired who she was, he understood her Name was *Corinna*, but her Parents unknown. *Corinna* was no less enamour'd of *Carollo*, and growing weary of the smart and severe Discipline she was confin'd to, resolv'd to embrace the first Opportunity to discharge her self of those sacred Fetters which rendred *Carollo's* Courtship more easie and successful. Not to relate all the Intrigues of their Love, which were many, dark and mysterious, to prevent the Suspition of the Lady-Abbeſs, and the Holy-Sisters her Companions; *Carollo* in two Months time gain'd her Heart, upon the Promise of Marriage, and

a Dispensation from the Pope, and at last by his Assistance, she made her Escape. *Corinna* was lodged at Monsieur *Torquato's* House, his particular Friend, where her Name and all the Circumstances of her Quality were so well disguis'd, that nothing appear'd but what was just and honourable: And here he first gained the Enjoyment of his unlawful Pleasures under the Umbrage and Promise of future Matrimony, which he religiously swore to, and she credulously believed. *Carollo* having now satiated his Lust, began to make his Visits more seldom, and was soon cloy'd with the Repitition of such unchaste Delights. In the Interim, whilst they banquetted their Senses in the Fruition of sacrilegious Pleasures, *Corinna* was discovered by the search made after her, and apprehended one Night in the Embraces of her lascivious Paramour, who was seiz'd by the same Officers, and both imprison'd till the Pope and the Conclave of Cardinals were acquainted with the Fact. *Rigidoro* was not long a Stranger to the Misfortune of his Son, but when he understood the Lady's Name was *Corinna*, his Daughter, and *Carollo's* Sister, he was so incens'd, that nothing could reconcile him, but resolv'd he himself would rather be the Prosecutor, than *Carollo* should not be punish'd according to his Demerits. This present Fury of *Rigidoro*, was soon allay'd by his Natural Affection to his Son and Daughter, but his Passion and Indiscretion had so far transported him; that in the Extremities of his Rage, he discovered the Nearness of their Relation: which the Pope and Conclave being acquainted with, all Intercession for his and *Corinna's* Life, was ineffectual, though *Rigidoro* offer'd a very considerable Sum, and six Days after, *Carollo* was condemn'd to lose his Head for violating the Nunnery, in stealing *Corinna*, and then committing Incest with her. *Corinna's* Crime was no less heinous, and her Punishment as just and severe; she was first sentenced to be immur'd, and

so starv'd to Death between two Walls, which Judgment the Court was afterwards pleas'd, at the Prayers of her Father, to change into a speedier Death, and order'd that three Days after, in her Nun's Habit, she should be burnt near *Trajan's* Pillar, which was accordingly executed upon her.

Rigido was very much afflicted at the Tragical and Unfortunate End of *Carollo* and *Corinna*, but time at last dried up his Tears; and the Hopes he had of being happy in *Eraſto* and his Sister, abated his Sorrows, and gave some Refreshment to his distressed Mind: But alas! We too often flatter our selves with the Expectations of Happiness here, from that very Subject, which proves the only Occasion of our Trouble and Misery. *Eraſto* was as vitious and debauch'd as *Carollo* had been, and no less Incontinent, though more private in his Sins, which at last were punish'd by a cruel and ignominious Death. Amongst the Variety of lew'd Women, whose Company and Acquaintance were his only Pleasure and Delight, *Fa-ronia* was one, a common Sturmpet, and as notoriously infamous as any of her Profession, who considering the great Estate *Eraſto* would be Master of upon the Death of his Father, resolv'd to make the best Advantage of him, and by counterfeiting a Religious Sorrow and Penitence for the Miscarriage of her former Life, to gain him for her Husband, or else absolutely refuse him those Enjoyments he so passionately longed for. *Eraſto* attempted her with noble Presents, and richer Promises if she would consent to his Desires; which she slighted with Scorn and Contempt, telling him that all the Glories of *Rome* laid at her Feet should never prevail upon her fix'd Resolution to Honour and Vertue; and that as her more youthful Days had been prodigally spent in the Pleasures of Sin and Wickedness, so now her riper Age, and the whole remainder of her Life, should be intirely de-
dedicated

Hist. VIII. Rigidoro and his two Sons. *For* dedicated to Vertue and Goodness. *Erasmo* pursued her with all the Temptations his Suit and Fancy could invent, but still in vain ; whereupon he at last consented to marry her, which was privately solemnized by Father *Jacomo* the Priest, to the great Satisfaction of *Favonia*, and the utter Ruin of *Erasmo*. Two Months this Marriage was conceal'd from *Rigidoro*, but he at last was acquainted with it, and charged *Erasmo* with the Truth of what he had heard ; that he had married *Favonia*, the most impudent Courtezan in all *Rome* : *Erasmo* acknowledged that he was married without his Advice or Consent, for which he humbly begg'd his Pardon ; that the Person he had married was call'd *Favonia*, but chaste and vertuous as the most modest Nun ; and however her Reputation had been formerly stain'd, she had wash'd out those Spots with Tears and Repentance ; and though possibly she had been loose and dissolute in her Virgin State, she was now a most loving Chaste and Vertuous Wife. *Rigidoro* was so highly provok'd to hear his Son vindicate *Favonia's* Fame, and justifie his own Error, that he immediately turn'd him out of Doors, and disinherited him, telling him with a deep Oath, he would rather give his whole Estate to the *Lazaretto*, than relieve his utmost Distresses, with the least Expression of common Charity or Kindness.

Erasmo acquainted *Favonia* with *Rigidoro's* Cruelty, saying, if he continued his Severity toward him, he cancell'd all his Obligations of Duty and Respect to him, by his barbarous and inhumane Usage ; and that he would study a Revenge which should make him as miserable as himself. And being now reduc'd to great Poverty and Want, and finding his Father inexorable, notwithstanding he endeavour'd a Reconciliation by a most profound Submission to him, owning his Fault, and begging his Pardon for his Offence ; resolv'd, with his own Hand to murder him in the

Street, rather than see him live in a plentiful and prosperous Estate, whilst he starv'd for want of Bread. Thus the Devil encourag'd him to the most villanous Sin of *Parricide*, without any Prospect of Happiness to himself, but as he gratified present Revenge by destroying that Life from whence he had received his own, and since to live miserably is the most grievous Punishment of Life; he resolv'd a violent Death should make his Father as unhappy as he was wretched. To this End he watch'd frequently in the dark of the Evening over against *Rigidoro's* House, and seeing him come forth without any Attendance, followed him, and suddenly ran his Rapier in at his Back quite through his Body, upon which *Rigidoro* fell to the Ground dead, and *Eraſto* made his Escape. Presently after the Body was found, and within three Days decently buried, great search was made for the Murderers; but no Person discovered on whom they could fix the Guilt. *Eraſto*, who was constantly haunted with the Terrors of an evil Conscience, and the dread of that Punishment he had so justly deserv'd, fled Aboard one of the Pope's Gallies which was bound for *Sicily*, and was afterwards taken by two *Turks* Men of War belonging to *Tunis*, and all the Seamen and Passengers, who survived the Fight (which was very Bloody) either made Slaves Aboard their own Vessels, or dispos'd to Land-Servitude, amongst whom *Eraſto* was sold Ashore, to *Barbarossa*, a Person of principal Note and Command in *Tunis*.

Eraſto had now leisure to reflect on the vitious and wicked Courses of his former Life, and particularly on the bloody and inhumane Murder of his Father, which he now saw in some measure punished by the Miseries of his present Condition; which wrought Complaint and Sorrow for the Evils he now suffer'd under, rather than a true and sincere Penitence for his notorious Offences. But though *Barbarossa*, his Patron,

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Patron, was severe and cruel, *Adulla* his Wife, was more kind to him, and often, when her Husband was Abroad, brought him Victuals into the Garden where he work'd, above what was allowed him, or the other Slaves had, which *Erasfo* interpreted as a particular Respect and Love to his Person, which made her so charitable and bountiful to him, and hop'd to improve to a more considerable Advantage. The other Slaves grumbled at *Adulla's* Kindness to *Erasfo*, and acquainted *Barbarossa* with it, who presently entertained jealous Thoughts of his Wife, and us'd *Erasfo* with the greater Severity, which *Adulla* being sensible of, redoubled her Kindness, and upon the first Opportunity express'd her more particular Love to him, which *Erasfo* readily embrac'd, promising that no Torments should ever extort a Confession from him, of those obliging Favours he received. Their amorous Entertainments had been many and frequent, which *Barbarossa* was not altogether ignorant of; but willing that their Crime should be as apparent as he intended their Punishment, dissembled his Anger; and one Day pretending to go Abroad, conceal'd himself in the House, till he had Notice by one of the Slaves (who was a Spye over all their Actions) that *Adulla* was retired to her Chamber, and had sent for *Erasfo*, who was gone into her; upon which he followed up, and surprized them in the very Act. The next Day *Erasfo* and *Adulla* were carried in Chains before the *Divan*, and there accused by *Barbarossa* of Adultery, which was so undeniably prov'd against them that *Erasfo* was condemned to be flead alive, and *Adulla* delivered to her Husband to be punish'd as he thought convenient, who immediately ordered two of his Slaves to strangle her. Thus dyed *Erasfo* miserably at *Tunis*, whilst *Favonia* returned to her old Profession at *Rome*, and liv'd in all the Levvdness and Debauchery of a common Strumpet, till at last she

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was infected vvith the foul Disease, and dyed vvith Shame and Ignominy in the *Burdello's*.

Fornication, Incest, and Adultery, are three Furies with Virgins Faces, but their shining Locks are plated Serpents; like Syrens they sing melodiously, till they have charm'd us into Misery; and made us more ugly in our Natures, than the Companions of Ulysses in their Shapes transformed into Swine.

Count



Count Waldbourg and Belanca.

A SWEEDISH HISTORY. HISTORY IX.

The Lord Moruffi is taken Prisoner by the Count of Waldbourg, and promised to be released, if his Lady Belanca would consent to his Lust, which she by her Husband's Advice agrees to. The false Count having enjoy'd her, cuts off Moruffi's Head and gives it her. She complains to the King, who obliges him first to marry her, and then causes him to be beheaded, and gives her his Estate. Belanca is afterwards got with Child by a Black, she and Clora murder the Bastard. Belanca stabs her self, and Clora is hang'd.

IN Gothland, the best and richest Province of Sweed-land, vvhich is the hithermost Part of Scandia next to Denmark, stands the Famous and Impregnable Castle

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of *Colmar*, of which Count *Waldbourg* was Governour, in the Third Year of the Reign of that August and Victorious Prince, *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*. At this time there were bloody Wars between the two Crowns of *Sweden* and *Denmark*, and the Lord of *Moruffi*, Lieutenant General of the *Danish* Army, by the Command of the King, made a Descent into *Gothland*, with an Army of Thirty Thousand Horse and Foot, and having miserably ravag'd the Country, at last sat down before the Castle of *Colmar*, which he straitly besieged. I shall say nothing of those many bold Assaults made by the *Danes* upon the Place, nor the stout Resistance and Courage of the *Swedes*; brave and daring Actions were perform'd on both Sides; the Soldiers at last growing very much distress'd for want of Provisions, the Besieged made a desperate Salley, in which they had the good Fortune to take the Lord of *Moruffi* Prisoner, whom they brought into the Castle and presented to the Governour. The Count of *Polenzi*, General of the *Swedish* Forces, receiving an Account of the ill Condition the Castle of *Colmar* was in, made a speedy March with his Army for the Relief of it, which the *Danes* having Notice of, and considering they had lost their General, the Lord *Moruffi*, on whose Courage and Conduct they very much depended, they immediately rais'd the Siege and returned.

The Virtuous and Beautiful *Belanca*, upon the first Report that her dear Lord was a Prisoner in the Castle of *Colmar*, was very much afflicted, but there being some Overtures of a Truce then made between the two Crowns, she hop'd upon the Conclusion of it, the Lord *Moruffi* would be discharg'd; but the Terms propos'd not being agreed to, the War was renew'd with greater Violence. Three Months after a Cessation of Arms was consented to, for a short time, and
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Hist. IX. Count Waldbourg & Belanca. 107

Belanca, attended with some few of her Servants, having obtain'd a Pass-port from General *Polenzi*, took a Journey, full of Hazard and Danger, to the Castle of *Colmar*, to see her beloved Lord and Husband. The Count of *Waldbourg*, the Governour, receiv'd her with all Respect and Kindness, who soon became an earnest Suitor to him for the Release of *Moruffi*, offering all her Jewels and a very considerable Sum for his Ransom, which the Governour told her, he could not comply withal, without direct and positive Orders from the King. *Belanca* told him, that would be a Matter of great Difficulty to effect, till a Peace was concluded, which was very uncertain, but if he pleas'd he might suffer him to escape, for which she would make him the same generous Present; the Governour answer'd, that was so great a piece of Treachery to his Prince, that in Honour he could never admit it. The Fidelity of this Noble Count, which was not to be corrupted by Gold, was soon conquer'd by the more powerful Charms of *Belanca's* Beauty, whose Vertue after he had long and in vain solicited, he promis'd to free the Lord *Moruffi*, his Prisoner, if she would consent to his unchaste Desires, and upon no other Terms whatever: *Belanca* was very much surpriz'd at his Discourse, and told him, *I wonder, my Lord, that you who have so great a Regard to your Honour (as you but now exprest your self) can have so little Esteem for your own Vertue, or my Chastity.* *Belanca* would have proceeded, but the Count interrupted her, saying, *Madam, I expect not your Advice but Consent; if my Lord Moruffi is so dear to you, you know upon what Terms you may gain his Freedom, which if you do not readily comply with, I will prevent all his Designs of Escape, by a closer Confinement.* *Belanca* desired leave till the next Day to consider of it, and then promis'd to return her Answer, and having parted from the Count, acquainted her Husband with the Discourse which had pass'd between them, that she

she found the Count altogether inflexible, and unless she submitted to such dishonourable Terms, should never be able to obtain his Liberty upon any other.

Moruffi was very unwilling to purchase his Freedom with the Loss of his Honour; but his Restraint growing now more irksome and tedious to him, by the daily hopes of Liberty, he at last advis'd his Lady to consent to the Count's Demand, though they were rigid and severe, adding, *That since she was now in his Power, he might possibly force her Vertue to surrender upon worse Terms.* *Belanca*, who was wholly at the Devotion of her Lord, whom she lov'd intirely, was with some Regret at last prevail'd upon by his Argument, assuring him, *That she could at the same instant, with greater Satisfaction, sacrifice her Life for his Ransom, than prostitute his Honour.* The false Count having now satiated himself with the full Enjoyment of his lustful Pleasures, left *Belanca* in his Chamber, telling her, *he would now go and give present Orders for the Lord Moruffi's Discharge, desiring her to stay and expect him there:* whereupon he commanded four of his Servants to go to the Lord *Moruffi's* Chamber, and bring his Head to him in that embroider'd Bag, which was accordingly done. The Count took the Bag in his own Hands, and went to *Belanca's* Apartment, where she was with great Impatience expecting *Moruffi*, and told her, *Madam, take there your beloved Husband:* *Belanca* not understanding his Meaning, open'd the Bag, and there saw *Moruffi's* Head, fresh bleeding, at which she swoond away, and had not the diligent Attendance and Care of the Women, and the excellent Vertues of the Cordials they gave her, forc'd her Soul unwillingly back to her hated Body, she had immediately followed her beloved Lord. Three Days after the Count being acquainted that her Passion was something abated, made a Visit to her, and by all the tender

Expressions

Hist. IX. Count Waldbourg & Belanca. 109

Expressions of Love and Affection, excus'd the late bloody Act he had been guilty of, that having once tasted those ravishing Delights, he not only resolv'd never to part with her, but could endure no Rival, and that not his Cruelty to *Moruffi*, but his Love to *Belanca* was the Occasion of it. The Count at last won so much upon her, that she seem'd wholly to forget *Moruffi*, and with Pleasure and Delight wanton'd in his lustful Arms, till three Months after, that noble Prince *Gustavus Adolphus* being encamp'd with his Army ten Miles off, rode over to his Castle of *Colmar*, to whom *Belanca* on her Knees related this horrible Cruelty of the Count to her Husband, the Lord *Moruffi*, and implor'd his Justice against him; the King having understood the whole Intrigue of their Amours, ask'd her the next Day what would satisfy her for the Loss she receiv'd in her Husband, and propos'd a Match with the Count which should compensate the Injury she receiv'd. *Belanca* accepted of the King's Proposal, and the Count was well pleas'd his Punishment was not more severe; whereupon they were married in the King's Presence, who told her, *I have now in some Measure answer'd your Complaint, and now I will satisfy my own Justice*, and immediately order'd the Governour should be beheaded, and gave her all his Estate.

Belanca not long after remov'd to *Stockholm*, where her own native Beauty, and the Report of her great Riches, gain'd her many Suitors, and amongst those, *Adraustus*, second Son to the Duke of *Helsinga*, with a more particular Zeal, admir'd and courted her: Six Months were now past, since he had laid Siege to the Affections of *Belanca*, yet had not the least private Parley with her, which added more to the Esteem and Devotion he had for her. At last, upon the Importunity of Prayers and Presents, one of her Gentlewomen promis'd to bring him in the Night time,

time, to her Ladies Lodgings, and so to dispose of him, that he should see her pull off her Cloaths before she went to Bed, walking in her Smock about the Chamber for Coolness, and singing and playing upon the Lute, which she did admirably well. *Adrastus* was overjoy'd with the Thoughts of so great an Happiness: *Belanca* was very surprizing under the Disadvantages of a Widow's Habit, but would certainly be much more beautiful, when she appear'd like a *Naked Venus*: Her great Pretensions to Vertue and Modesty, laid so severe a Restraint upon her Conversation, that she rarely or never admitted any Gallant to a private Discourse; these Considerations rais'd *Adrastus* his Expectations to the highest Degree of Pleasure and Contentment. Night being come, *Adrastus*, by the Direction of *Clora*, *Belanca's* Woman, convey'd himself into her House, and was so conveniently plac'd, that he saw her sitting on a Couch, reading in a Prayer-Book, whilst her Women were undressing her. *Belanca* was ready to go into Bed, when *Clora* entreated her Mistress to sing, and put a Lute into her Hand, which she readily comply'd withal (it being her usual Custom, when she was not Melancholly indispos'd) and perform'd so well, that *Adrastus* could hardly forbear casting himself at her Feet, there to act the Part of the *Ecstasick Lover*. She sung not long, but went to Bed, her Women withdrew to their Chambers, and *Adrastus* went out undiscovered at a Door *Clora* had left open for him, but coming into the Court, he found the Gate shut fast and lock'd. Not knowing what to do in this Distress, he sat down upon the side of a Well in a Corner of the Court, to consider with himself: While his Thoughts were thus engag'd, he perceiv'd a Door to open that belong'd to some part of *Belanca's* Lodgings, and saw the fair Widow, whom he thought fast asleep, with a Wax-Candle in one Hand, and a Plate cover'd with Jellies and Conserves in the other;

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Hist. IX. Count Waldbourg & Belanca. 111

other; she had a rich flower'd Gown wrapp'd loose about her; and in this Dress she was so full of Charms and Attraction, that he much wondred what this Beautiful *Phantasm* meant, sometimes flattering himself that he was the Person she sought after. At length he perceived her to go towards the Stable Door, whither he at a Distance follow'd her, and supposing she went to visit some Servant that was sick, wondred at the Excess of her pious Charity. He hid himself behind one of the Horses, and saw her go to the Bed-side of a *Blackamoor*, that was sick, who seem'd to be about thirty Years of Age, but with so Ghostly a Look, that he appear'd like the true Image of Death. *Adraflus* admir'd the unparallel'd Goodness of *Belanca*, who took up the *Negro's* Coverlet, and having rais'd his Head, sat down by him, and with Tears in her Eyes, wiped the cold Sweat from his Forehead with her Handkerchief. *Adraflus* knew not what to think of a Charity so transcendent, when she, with showers of Tears, ask'd him how he did? And with a Voice interrupted with Sobs: *My dear Frank, (said she) Art thou resolv'd to dye, and with thy own, be my Death too? Thou spakest not to me, my Dearest, Take Heart my Soul, if thou desirest I should Live, and eat a little of this Jelly, for my sake who Loves thee, who Adores thee, Kiss me my Angel, Kiss me and recover thy Health, or let me dye with thee.* To this Effect were her Expostulations, joyning her Angelick Face, to the Diabolical Countenance of the *Moor*, which she bedew'd with Tears. When he with his scraggy Hand removing her Face from his own, with a hollow Voice, said to her, *What would you have of me, Madam? Why will you not let me dye in quiet? Is it not enough you have reduced me to this miserable Condition I am in, but now you expect at the point of Death, I should sacrifice the few Minutes I have left, to the Satisfaction of your Insatiable Inclinations?*

ons? Take a Husband, take a Husband, Madam, and expect no more from me, who am more fit for the cold Embraces of Death, than the warm Pleasures of your lustful Arms. Having so said, he slunk down into the Bed, and so suddenly, that Belanca could not get one Word more from him, but return'd to her Chamber, with a Countenance full of Sadness and Discontent, like a disconsolate Widow at the Funeral of a Husband she dearly lov'd. *Adrastus* lay close in the Corner of the Stable till the Gate was open, and getting into the Streets return'd to his Lodgings with Wonder and Astonishment. Next day, as he pass'd by Belanca's House, the Moor was carried out to his Burial, and a Week after he receiv'd this Letter from Belanca, by one of her Servants.

Belanca to *Adrastus*.

YOU would have me believe you think me not Unhandsome, and I cannot but acknowledge I am so taken with you, that I am willing to grant you immediately what I had not promised till a Year was expired. My Person and Estate are at your Disposal, and though I cannot be too circumspect in a Business of this Nature, yet your Merit and my Affection, shall be my Security.

Belanca.

Adrastus was now alter'd in his Resolutions of Marriage, and having read her Letter twice or thrice over return'd this Answer:

Adrastus to Belanca.

I Am naturally a Person of a very nice Conscience, and therefore cannot, without some Remorse, answer your Proposal of Marriage, you being a Widow but since last Week. You are much more obliged to
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Hist. IX. Count Waldbourg & Belanca. 113

the Memory of your Negro, who lost his Life in your Service, and can bestow no less than a Year in bewailing the Miscarriage of a Person, whose Performances you thought so extraordinary. In the Intrin we shall both of us have time to consider what we have to do.

Adrastus.

Adrastus having sent his Mistress this Letter, immediately left Stockholm, and retir'd into the Country, where five Months after he received this sad Account of her miserable End.

Belanca finding her self with Child by her African Gallant, conceal'd her great Belly from all the World but her Confident Clora, who assisting her at the time of her Delivery, they murder'd the Tawney Offspring, to conceal the Shame of her Lustful Dalliances, and Clora commanded to bury it in the Garden, but being discover'd, was apprehended and brought before the Officers of Justice, where, in hopes of Pardon, she confess'd how far she was guilty, charging the rest on Belanca, vvho having Notice by the Officers vvho came to seiz her, vvhat Clora had accus'd her of, vvhat through the Horror of the Guilt, and Dread of the Punishment, snatching up a Ponyard vvvhich lay upon the Table, she stabb'd her self to the Heart, and dyed immediately. Clora had confess'd her self guilty of the Murder of the Infant, vvvhich though it might look rather like an Act of Service and Fidelity to her Lady, than a malicious Design in her self, vvvas condemn'd to be hang'd, and three Days after executed.

Nothing encourages Sin more, than the false Hopes of Impunity; for did we really believe the Justice of Heaven would most certainly punish our Sins in proportion

114 God's Revenge against Adultery.

portion to our own Demerits, the Murderer would temper his Passion, and the Adulterer cool his Lust. But that thou may'st no more dare to Sin, than thou art willing and able to bear the Punishment Heaven shall inflict on thy guilty Head, I have here represented the sad Consequence of those two horrid Sins, Murther and Adultery, where, in Variety of Tragical Examples, thou may'st see the Justice of Heaven triumphant in the Punishment of such Notorious Offenders.

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Juderina, or the Dutch-Adultress.

A DUTCH HISTORY.

HISTORY X.

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Juderina commits Fornication with Walter, is got with Child, and afterwards turns Whore at Amsterdam. Is there kept by Mine Heere Vandrecht, proves false to him, and commits Adultery with Captain Grantzford, who is kill'd by Vandrecht, and he drown'd in his Escape. She afterwards marries Titus a Puritan, breaks her Husband by her riotous Ex'ence; he in Revenge gives her the Foul Disease, which she first communicates to a Quaker, and then dies miserably of the before-mention'd Distemper.

Juderina was born of poor and honest Parents, in a little Village near Rotterdam, and being now arrived to Twelve Years of Age, was entertained by
Emantha

Emantha, an ancient Lady and a Widow, who was reputed very Rich, and for that Reason was courted by several Gentlemen, who more valued her for the Reputation of her Fortune, than they admired the Ruins of her Beauty. Amongst others who made sute to the Widow, a Gentleman known by the Name of Captain *Grantzford*, was one who, though he had no Assurance of obtaining her, had yet more Encouragement than the rest, being always civilly treated, and greatly respected. *Fuderina*, who was a Person of a ready and subtile Wit, soon learnt to sing and dance exactly; *Emantha* having preferr'd her to wait on her Daughter *Edithe*, by whose Favour, and the Opportunities of her Attendance on her, she gain'd all the Accomplishments besitting a Person of greater Quality: to all which, Nature added a larger share of Beauty than is commonly seen in Maids of her mean Rank and Family. Captain *Grantzford* no sooner saw the fair *Fuderina* but he fell desperately in Love with her, and *Fuderina* was no less pleased with the Captain's Courtship, which *Emantha* observing, he soon lost all Hopes of obtaining the Widow, however the Satisfaction of enjoying his Lustful Pleasures with *Fuderina*, made some amends, which every Day advanc'd by the seeming compliance of the Wench.

At this time young *Walter*, her Son, return'd from the University of *Leyden*, to visit his Mother, and Sister *Edithe*, whose Presence very much obstructed the Amourous proceedings of the Captain, who at first sight was deeply in love with *Fuderina* (whose Charms were not to be resisted) and quickly let her know the Power of her Eyes, and the Conquest she had made. This proud Beauty gloried in her new Victory, and was not a little glad to see her young Master at her Feet, fetter'd with her charming Graces, whom she preferr'd to his Rival *Grantzford*,
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and at last yielded to his Embraces, who now enjoy'd at Pleasure what the Captain's Evil Fortune still deny'd him. The Widow had been very civil and respectful to the Captain, notwithstanding his Folly, and as she had no Passion for him, so she had forsaken him without Malice or Regret; however, for fear he should debauch her Maid (which she very much suspected) she kept a strict Eye over *Juderina*, whenever Captain *Grantzford* came to the House; little imagining that her Son had robb'd that Garden, and crop'd the Flower she had watch'd with so much Care and Vigilance. The Captain soon grew sensible of the double Defeat he had receiv'd, in obtaining the Widow, and enjoying her Maid, for which reason he determin'd to try his Fortune with *Edithe*, by whose courteous and obliging Respects he might promise himself better success: But her Person was not so amiable, either to enkindle Love, or inflame his Breast with Lust, *Juderina* vvas the only amorous and tempting Object, but her cruel Disdain had novv forced him to Dispair.

The young *Edithe* vvas full of Passion and Desire, and languish'd after the unkind Captain, vvhich at length she discover'd to *Juderina*, vvho presently told her, *That he was not ignorant of her Love, but heard her Sighs without the least Pity or Compassion, and as she could not expect her Mother would ever consent to the Match, if propos'd to her, so she could assure her the Captain's Affections would never be tyed by the sacred Bonds of Wedlock; but all his Passion was Lust, and his Love dishonourable, which she sufficiently understood by his offers to her self, who endeavour'd nothing more than the lewd Satisfaction of his Desires, which she had hitherto oppos'd with Scorn and Disdain. But yet she told her, if she pleas'd to make an Advantage of his Folly, she might both please her Fancy, and obtain him for a Husband, if she would consent to*
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put a Cheat upon him, which she might easily effect by her Contrivance. *Edittha* having heard the Methods of her Design, approv'd them vvell, and desired her to put them in Practice upon the first Opportunity.

The Plot being thus laid betwixt them, the cunning *Juderina* seem'd to hearken more willingly to the Courtship of *Grantzford*, she accepts his Gold, seems to believe his Oaths and Promises, and at the last, overcome with his Flateries, to grant his Desires. There is nothing in the World so joyful as the Captain really was at the Consent of *Juderina*; the Content of his Mind might easily be read in his Eyes, he kiss'd her a thousand times, and gave her as many Thanks for what he is not like to obtain. The Assignment is made between them, and the Captain by Agreement, to prevent all Suspicion, to take his present Leave and return at Night by a back Door, of which she gave him the Key, which led to *Juderina's* Chamber, where he should find her in Bed, but this was to be done with all Silence and Secrecy, for fear of being over-heard by *Emantha*, who lodg'd in the next Chamber. All this was agreed to, and the Captain parted with his Mistress, full of Hopes and Satisfaction. Night came, and young *Edittha* supply'd the Place of *Juderina*, obtain'd her Desires, and spent the Night in the Arms of *Grantzford*, who at the same time thought he had embrac'd his Beautiful Mistress.

In the Morning being about to depart, he was amaz'd to find his Mistake, and hear the young *Edittha* speak to him, instead of *Juderina*, who held him fast in her Arms, crying out, *do not leave me now you have robb'd and deflower'd me*; but much more when he saw young *Walter* enter the Chamber with a drawn Sword, and a Parson with him, who told him (with an angry Look) Captain, *either save*
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the Honour of an House which you have now wounded, by marrying my Sister, or receive the just Reward of Lust and Treachery, either make Editha your Wife, or satisfy me by your Death. The Captain would have risen from the Bed, and made his Defence, but Walter set the Point of his Sword to his Breast, and swore he would run him through if he did not declare his immediate Consent, which he was forc'd to, and the Parson having done his Office, they left him and his Bride to their now lawful Pleasures; the Widow was amaz'd next morning at the Relation her Son gave her, of *Editha's* Marriage with *Grantzford*, which she could not well credit, till a little time after they came to beg her Blessing: She consider'd it could not now be help'd, and after some grave Reprehensions accepted their Duty, and caused their private Marriage to be publicly celebrated.

Some time after *Juderina* found her self to be with Child, and endeavour'd to prevent her Shame and Disgrace, by taking such Things as might cause Abortion, but in Vain, her great Belly now discover'd it self, and was known to the Widow, who too late found what a Viper she had entertain'd in her Family, and what Injury she had done her self by that Wench's Beauty, who first caus'd her to lose *Grantzford*, and now had drawn away the Heart of her Son, and inticed him to Lewdness. But least these two foolish Wantons should marry together, and so utterly ruin the Fortune of her Son, she resolv'd to separate them, and accordingly sent him back to *Leyden*, and *Juderina* over to *Flanders* to lay her great Belly, where, not long after she was brought to Bed of a Girl, and thus became a Mother before she was a Wife, and had a Child before she had got a Husband. *Juderina* being recovered of her Lying-In, the Child, by order of the Widow, the Grand-mother, was taken from her and put to Nurse in those Parts,

and she turn'd out of Doors to seek her Fortune, with some small Pittance of Silver, scarce enough to defray her Charges to *Amsterdam*, whither she extreemly long'd to go, hoping to get into some Service, or by making an Advantage of her Beauty, to inveagle some Tradesman to marry her. With this intent *Juderina* went to *Amsterdam*, where she no sooner arrived, but she found her Money all spent, and her self in a most miserable and forlorn Condition. By great Fortune she got a Lodging, which happen'd to be at a most infamous and notorious Bawdy-House, where she behaved her self with so much Simplicity, and seeming Innocency, told so fair a Story of her Misfortunes, without one Word of Truth, that the Bawd, her Landlady, believed her, and under Pretence of Commiseration to her present Want, but more in Hopes of making a good Market of her, kindly and comfortably relieved her.

In a short time *Juderina's* Beauty was fam'd, of which she knew how to make the best Advantage, and so well improv'd her Talent in those wicked Courses, that she had now considerably enrich'd her self by prostituting her long lost Maiden-head, to seven or eight wealthy *Dutch Cullies*, who all swore, and really believed they had it, for which they roundly paid. Having thus advanc'd her Fortune, and being unwilling to expose her self longer in a Place so infamous, she privately withdrew, and took Lodging between the *Stadt-house* and *Exchange*, where she chang'd her Name to *Angelica*, and pass'd for a vertuous young Lady, whose Brother was a Merchant, and suddenly expected from the *Indies*. Not long after it happen'd that a Gentleman of good Fortune, call'd *Mine Heer Vandrecht*, had some short Repartees with *Angelica* under her Vizard at the Play-house, who was so taken with her

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Wit, that he would not leave her till he had seen her Face, which appearing to him, beyond Expectation, handsome, he grew passionately in love with her, and carried her Home to her Lodging in his own Coach. *Angelica* had cunning enough not to be surprized with his first Offers of Kindness, nor alter'd with those rich and noble Presents he made her, which he wondring at, believed her counterfeit Vertue was real, propos'd a considerable Settlement, a stately House, gilded Coach, and rich Liveries, if she would consent to live with him and be his Mistress, which she at last agreed to, rather out of Passion and Respect to his Person, than that such generous Offers had any Power over her chaste and innocent Mind. She now goes abroad in her Chariot, sits in the Boxes at Plays, with all the Bravery and Impudence of a kept Mistress, or more Notorious Strumpet.

Being one Day at the Play-house, she was seen by Captain *Grantzford*, (whom some Business had brought to Town) who presently knew her, and much wondred to see that Beauty (which ever appear'd to him with a more than ordinary Lusture) now so resplendent with Jewels, and all the dazling Embellishments Art could invent. He could not but confess that she who before appear'd a twinkling Star of Beauty, was now become an illuminated Sun, bright and glorious. The Captain made his Complement to her, which she receiv'd with more favourable Expressions of Respect to him, and in a short time they became so intimate, that he often visited her, where he was blest with those ravishing Delights he had so long coveted in vain. This Amour of *Grantzford* with *Angelica*, was at last suspected by *Van-bretch*, who surpriz'd him at the Bottom of the Stairs, one Night as he had newly parted with *Angelica*, and with his Sword ran him to the Heart,

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of which he immediately dy'd. *Vandretch* sent for a Friend, and acquainted him with his present Misfortune, dispos'd the Care of his House and Goods into his Hands, disrobed *Angelica* of all her Finery, turn'd her out of Doors, and then made his Escape, but in his way to the *Brill* was unhappily drown'd.

Angelica having saved a little Money, put her self in a plain Country Dress, remov'd to a remote Place in the Town, where she took a convenient Chamber, and professed her self a Saint, going to all the private Meetings she could hear of, where she sigh'd, lifted up her Eyes, made Faces, was diligent at Lectures and Expoundings, so that in a little time she began to be taken Notice of, and attracted the Eyes of many a young Zealot and amorous Puritan. She changed her Name to *Mabella*, though *Judevina* and *Angelica* the Hypocrite, were the same in Heart and Mind as *Mabella* the Saint. At length the Piety and Devotion of *Mabella* was taken Notice of, as well as her Modesty and Beauty by *Titus*, a young Brother, a Linnen Draper, who was resolv'd not to marry out of his own Tribe and only wanted a Wife to make him happy. She observed his Eyes to be often fix'd upon her, and though he took Notes, and wrote in Character none else could read, he look'd as if he had been drawing her Picture, he was so intent upon her. His Courtship was Sentences of Love and Cant intermix'd, and *Cupid* and *Knox* were joyn'd together. His amorous Discourse was larded with Fragments of Sermons, and Doctrines and Uses shuffled together, with Notes taken out of the *Academy of Complements*. There was such a strange Medley of Love and Religion, of Wooing and Praying, of pious Nonsense and smutty Courtship, that *Mabella* could not but laugh in her Sleeve, how gravely and de-

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purely soever she look'd. *Titus* at last won the good Will of his dear *Mabella*, and what she much desired, they were privately married, and she once again Mistress of an House.

Mabella had not been long married before she began to patch and deck her self with Ribons, and *Titus*, to his great Grief, saw his Shop crowded with Gallants instead of Chapmen, who came to cheapen his Wife rather than buy his Linnen; he first reprov'd her Immodesty himself, and then desired the Pastor to reprehend the lewd Carriage of his Wife, but to no Purpose; so that seeing himself undone, he resolv'd to shut up Shop and leave her to her Fortune. *Mabella* had yet escap'd the Pox, that Ruin and Confusion of so many of *Venus* her Votaries; but as many have escap'd being wounded in a Battel, who have been kill'd in a Skirmish, so far'd it with *Mabella*: *Titus* plainly perceiving his Horns grew as fast as his Estate wasted, was resolved to be first reveng'd, and then leave her. To this end he designedly got a severe Clap, which he communicated to *Mabella*, and then deserted her, carrying away all his Goods along with him to *France*. *Mabella* lay long Sick, and was twice fluxed for her foul Distemper; but wanting Money to carry on her Cure, was forced to consider of new Methods to relieve her present Wants, before it was compleated.

Mabella was now again left to her Shifts, her Expensive Clap, with the Apothecaries, Surgeons and Doctors Bills, had robb'd her of all that little she had left, whereupon she resolv'd to change her counterfeit Profession of Religion, from that of *Puritan* to *Quaker*, and accordingly took a private Lodging at a *Quaker's* House, who had known her Husband, and believ'd him to be as she represented him,

him, a sly and debauched Fellow, pittied her very much, and by her Discourse judg'd her to be very Innocent, and a zealous Professor. To this *Quaker's* House resorted several of that Sect, and amongst the rest, one *Simon*, an itinerant Holder-Forth, who no sooner saw *Mabella*, who was pretty well recover'd of her Clap, her Colour coming fresh into her Cheeks, and her old wanton Flame into her Eyes, but the Carnal and Spiritual Man in him began to have a desperate Conflict. We are all Flesh and Blood, and the little god *Cupid* is no Respector of Sects; he spares no Mortal that is composed of those Atoms. *Simon*, with the wonted Boldness that attends that sort of People, made an Acquaintance with *Mabella*, who entertained him with a suirable Freedom, and whilst he endeavour'd to delude her with his holy Discourses *Of the Light within*, and his *Holy Inspiration*, she cheated him as much with her Modest Looks. *Mabella* hearken'd to all his Canting very diligently, and in a short time began to reform her Dress, ript off all her Laces, threw away her Ribbons, put on plain Coifs, and Pinner, and laid aside all her Babilonish Trinkets.

Simon overjoy'd at this Conversion, carried *Mabella* to their Meetings, where she endured their Bawling without Laughter, and heard them rant and cant, and rail and speak Nonsense, with much Devotion and counterfeit Zeal. Few Days mist she was not at their Meetings, and *Mabella* was become a very profest, rigid and unmannerly *Quaker*: *Simon* was now more in Love than ever, and having converted her from the World, he determin'd next to convert her to himself. *Mabella* was pretty in all Dresses, and no Disguise could hinder the Power of her Beauty; but to *Simon* she seem'd much more handsome since she was in the Habit of a Sister,

and

and it was now lawful for him to say that to her, he ought not to the Prophane and Wicked of the World. He therefore inform'd her of the Secrets of his Heart, and by what Spirit he was moved; and endeavour'd to perswade her, *That all Things are lawful to the Pure, that the World ought not to judge the Actions of the Righteous; that Defilement was from within, and the Impurity of the Mind only could contaminate the Body; that as for her Husband, he was a Carnal Man, and it was no sin to rob an Egyptian; that if he was at this time under a Temptation, she ought to give way to his Frailty, for she had drawn his Heart after her:* With such like Stuff, all to perswade her fairly and plainly to lie with him.

Mabella soon perceived by the *Light within*, that it was either the Spirit of Love or Lust that began to move the *Carnal Man*; however she answered him so cunningly and obligingly, in his own Canting Way, still harping on her present Necessities, that he found the ready Way to gain her was to supply her Wants, which he plentifully did out of their Publick Stock. With this Gold he opened the Heart of *Mabella*, and *Simon* and she had Thee'd it and Thou'd it so long, till they came to the closest Conjunction, and mingled their Spiritual Embraces after a Carnal Way. *Simon* obtain'd his End with Advantage, for the Clap now breaking out, she severely pox'd him, and not daring to stay longer, for fear of being discovered, pillag'd the holy Brother of all the Charitable *Corban* he was entrusted with, and stole away to *Rotterdam*, where the Venom of her Distemper returning with greater Violence upon her, she dyed half eaten up with that foul and poisonous Disease.

126 **God's Revenge against Adultery.**

Such is the Ugliness of Sin, that the Devil himself is asham'd of his own Deformity, and often deceives us in the Disguise of an Angel of Light : The Wicked Juderina counterfeits Modesty, to conceal her Lewdness, and Religion, to hide her Debaucheries ; but Heaven in good time punishes her crafty Vice by the fruitful Off-spring of her own Sins.

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T H E

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
Chastity.

IN SOME
HEROICK
EXAMPLES
AND
DELIGHTFUL
HISTORIES.

Printed in the Year, 1708.



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THE
TRIUMPHS
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INTRODUCTION.

FOR the further Encouragement of Vertue, 'twill not be improper to present the Courteous Reader with some Examples of Chastity, which have crown'd the Memories of those Fam'd Persons with Immortality and Honour, in which thou may'st as in a Mirrour behold the Beauty and Reward of the Resplendent Vertue of Chastity, as in the former Histories thou seest the Deformity and Punishment of that raging Sin of Adultery, whereby thou may'st be perswaded to follow the Dictates and Precepts of the One, as thou would'st shun the evil Consequence which attend the Other. As Beauty without Chastity is like unto Mandrake Apples, comely to the Eye but Poisonous in Taste, so Chastity is the Beauty of the Soul, and Purity
of

INTRODUCTION.

Of Life, which despiseth the corrupt Pleasures of the Flesh, and is only possessed of those who keep their Bodies clean and undefiled, which consisteth either in sincere Virginity, or faithful Matrimony: But Chastity is most conspicuous when surrounded with Dangers, and then deservedly lays claim to the most chaste and pure Joys of a Happy Eternity. But I proceed to the History.

HIST. I.

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HIST. I.

CHRISTIANA.

Christiana refuses the Embraces, and rich Proffers of the French King; and in her Flight for England, was solicted to Debauchery by De Boi, Master of the French Vessel; to avoid whose Lust, she cast her self into the Sea, where she was taken up by Codrinus, Vice-Admiral of the English Navy, who in Reward of her great Chastity married her: The Lord Sébastian attempting to pollute her, was discovered, and afterwards slain, she, after her Husband's Decease, is married to the Duke of Guise.

AT *Tours* (chief City of *Touraine*, a Province which is said to be the Garden of *France*, seated on the *Loire*,) lived *Monsieur de Cadez*, a private Gentleman, who by his Wife had one only Daughter, by Name *Christiana*, whom Heaven had blest with so vast a Share of Beauty, that she was the Admiration and Discourse not only of her Native City, but likewise of the Court, and often solicted by the King (with the Promises and Certainty of great Wealth and Dignities) to be the Pleasure of his Bed, but the no less Vertuous than Beauteous *Christiana*, esteeming the Honour of her Chastity far above the Dignities of an Empire, renounced to purchase such Shadows of Glory with the Pollution of her Soul, whose Vertue she knew would Crown her, not only with Honours here, but Immortallity hereafter; with these vertuous Meditations her purer Soul peirc'd Heaven, and there took Prospect of those far greater Dignities which would reward her Chastity. Long had this Family of *Monsieur de Cadez* lived at *Tours* in the Favour and Respect of all Men, blest with his

vertuous

The Triumphs of Chastity.

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Vertuous and chaste *Christiana*, whose Beauty and Vertue (it being rumour'd, how she had refus'd the Embraces of the King,) drew after her many Adorers, who both by plain Addresses and Subtility, vainly endeavour'd to win her, some to their lawful Bed, some to their lewder Arms. At length in the Reign of King *Charles* the 9th. Anno. Dom. 1562. The Persecution being sore in *Tours*, *De Boi*, the Master of a *French* Ship, induced more by his Lust to *Christiana* than his Love to the Unhappy Family of *De Cadex*, promis'd to set them safe on the *English* Shore, with some others who fled from the Rage of the Persecutors. *De Cadex* and his Wife kindly accepting so vast a Favour, which should protect them from the Hand of the devouring Tyrants, took with them some of their lighter Possessions, their Gold and Silver Plate, bequeathing the rest to the said *Monsieur de Boi*, to whose Mercy they ow'd both their Estate and Lives, and embarked that Evening. *De Boi* (whose Lust admitted of no Bounds) when he had sail'd fifty Leagues from Shore, was not able longer to contain, but thus address himself; *Madam*, To me you owe this great Protection from the Sword and Fire, thus far my Mercy hath secur'd your Parents, all this I did not for the Hope of Gain, 'twas you fair Lady did induce me to it, your Eyes with mighty Charms did plead so strongly, I could not but be merciful. Sir, reply'd the modest *Christiana*, My Parents and my self still own these Favours, a grateful Spirit cannot soon forget such mighty Obligations, and doubtless well-pleas'd Heaven will reward that Charitable Vertue. Alas, fair Lady, (returns *De Boi*) leave not so small a Debt for Heaven to pay, since you can fully make me Satisfaction, let me embrace the Body I protected, and bless your Worshipper with Happiness. *Christiana* perceiving his Passion, and that her refusing his Lustful Motions, might endanger the Liberty of her Parents, begg'd of him

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to grant her one Hours Consideration, and she would prepare her self for his Embraces. He transported with this Answer, believing it to be no other than real, admitted her the time. *Christiana* whose Chastity could not digest so base and dishonourable an Action, yet tenderly affecting the Safety of her Parents, whom she must either expose to his Mercy, or admit of his Lewdness, knew not what to do in this her greatest Extremity; therefore consulting with her Father, was advis'd, according to her Wish, rather to suffer Death than defame her Honour: *Christiana* triumph'd, now since her Parents could without much Reluctancy, choose to see her dye a Martyr for her Chastity, rather than live with Infamy and Dishonour to the Name and Family of *De Cadez*; therefore recommending her self to the Diviner Powers, committed her Body to the Mercy of the Seas, without the Hopes of Life; but we see Despair is sometimes the Ground of Hope; as when the Darkness of the Night is thickest, then the Morning begins to dawn; thus the Extremity of *Christiana's* Misery was at the Height when she had the Prospect of some Relief, for *Codrinus*, a Noble Man of *England*, who then Rode *Vice-Admiral* of the *British* Seas, perceiving, at some small Distance, a Woman struggling with the Waves, compassionately received her into his Ship, and upon her Information of the Villanous Design, which forc'd her to prefer Death before Life with Defilement, he sail'd up to *De Roi's* Vessel, demanding Monsieur *De Cadez* and his Wife, and the others, which fled from the Persecution, bound for *England*. *De Roi*, whose Conscience accus'd him, knowing *Codrinus* to be the *British Vice-Admiral*, a Soldier of an undaunted Spirit, and a singular Respector of honourable Actions, without disputing the Case, delivered them, whom *Codrinus* first received, and then with two

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Broadfides sufficiently corrected the Insolence of *De Boi*, and so sail'd forward for *England*.

This Deed being of so generous a Nature, obliged them all to admire *Codrinus*, and especially *Christiana*, who with her all-conquering Charms had wounded the Vice-Admiral there, where the searching Cannon ne'er had found a Passage. He gaz'd with Admiration on her Beauty, and though her Misery had reduc'd her to a Poverty, yet he knew not how to resist the powerful Charms of Love; in Conclusion, he address'd himself to the beauteous Virgin, who being equally affected with his Heroick Actions, not byass'd by Interest, and well pleas'd with his Sweetness and Fluency of Language, the Excellency of his courteous and affable Demeanour, admitted an easy Victory upon honourable Terms. *Codrinus* (being now arriv'd at Court, as happy as so short a time could make him) made great Preparation for his Nuptial Solemnities, the Consummation of their Bliss. The appointed Day being come, and Dinner ended, the Wine flow'd merrily round; in the Height of their Mirth, *Christiana*'s remarkable Passages of her Life, and the wonderful Vindication of her Honour, being the general Discourse of the Table; my Lord *Sebastian* after the Retirement of *Christiana*, told *Codrinus*, he would engage a 100 Pound, that she would admit him into her Bed that Evening, and that he would enjoy those Pleasures which he had reserv'd for his own Appetite. The Vice-Admiral, who was willing rather to improve Mirth than disturb the Company, merrily accepted of the Terms propounded.

No sooner had *Christiana* enter'd her Bridal Bed, expecting *Codrinus* the Blessing of her Arms, but *Sebastian*, without Attendants, came into the Chamber, and undressing himself, so surpriz'd *Christiana*,
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that she shriek'd out, asking him the Reason of his Rudeness: He answer'd, *What mean you, Madam, How am I rude? Do you not know your Lord? Christiana*, who was certain it was not the *Vice-Admiral*, both by his Shape and Voice, cry'd out, *A Rape, Murther, a Rape*; at which *Codrinus*, and the Company, which were at the Door ready, burst in, seeming very much incens'd with *Sebastian*, and threatening to chastise his Insolence, dismiss him, who pleaded a Mistake, and that he thought his Wife now repos'd in that Chamber (as formerly she had done) which *Codrinus* acknowledged to be the Truth. Next Day the *Vice-Admiral* went to demand the 100 Pound, forfeited by my Lord *Sebastian*. *Sebastian* readily confest it due, and will'd his Servant to pay it to *Codrinus*; in the mean time his merry Humour was turn'd into a real Lust, and he took this Opportunity of soliciting the Lady, who was still in her Honour as invulnerable as ever, therefore finding his Attempts in vain, returned to the *Vice-Admiral*, who after the Receipt of the Money, not willing to carry it off, presented it to *Sebastian's* Lady; *Sebastian* thankful for the Favour, loaded the *Vice-Admiral* with too much Wine, and that Evening in Disguise, attempted once more to win the chaste *Christiana*, but was by her Steward (who found him in a private Room, next the Lady's Bed-Chamber) suspected for some Robber, and there slain.

The Excess of Wine which *Codrinus* drank, cast him into a Fever, of which he dy'd; and *Christiana* whose honourable Name had travell'd to the utmost Coasts of Fame, was afterwards married to the Duke of *Guise*, with whom she liv'd long and happily.

The Triumphs of Chastity.

'Tis said of Eve, That her greatest Misery on Earth, was that she had too lustfully affected the forbidden Fruit, when only charm'd with an exterior Beauty; the vertuous Christiana considering this mighty Truth, would not admit of the Serpent's various Temptations to taste the forbidden Pleasures, though fairly guild-ed with the outward Gaudiness of Imperial Dignities: She considered that her Lust might by Chance make her seem great upon Earth, but was certain that her Chastity would entitle her to Honour amongst the Angels in Heaven.

HIST. II.

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HIST. II.

OF SAMINA.

Romindus (after a close Siege) having taken the Castle of N---, attempted a Rape upon the Lady Samina, but she is rescued by the Lord Arminius, who is afterwards espoused to her. Romindus in another Attempt fires the House where the Lady Samina lay, by which means conveying himself into her Chamber, he would have defiled her; but she to preserve her Chastity, stabs her self with his Dagger: He finding himself defeated, murder'd himself by her Side.

IN the time of the late Rebellion, *Romindus*, (for under that Name I shall disguise him) who was one of the chief Agitators of the unhappy Civil Wars, laid close Siege to the Castle of N---, whose Noble Lord and Governour, Earl *Lucius*, hath by his Loyalty and Valour left his Name firm in the Records of Glory. *Romindus* (whose factious, base, and treacherous Spirit render'd him odious to the Family of *Lucius*) inspir'd with a particular Malice, upon his Daughter *Samina's* slighting him, resolv'd (if possible) to make the Castle their Funeral Pile, and *Samina's* Blood a Sacrifice to his Revenge, since he could not violate her Honour, that Guardian Angel of her Chastity. Therefore with a strong Power, after the Effusion of much Blood, (*Lucius* and his small Army being toil'd in Defence) he enter'd the Castle, took *Lucius* and his Lady Prisoners, and searching for *Samina*, found her at her Devotions in her Closet; and now imagining that to save her Parents from the Sword, the Castle from Flames, and her

her self from certain Death, she would prostitute her Honour to his Lust, with a smooth Speech he attack'd her in this Manner : *'Why are you so unkind, fair Lady, cruel to me, your Parents, and your self? You that have Charms enough to soften Rocks, why Madam, are you so obdurate? Say not hereafter that I am bloody; it is for you this heap of Dead have perished, for you such Seas of Blood do flow on every Side; 'twas you that rais'd these Storms within me, and your Beauty drew the hot-brain'd Soldier on; your Beauty set an Edge to every Sword. Oh powerful Woman! O wonder-working Charms! Yet see, fair Lady, low as your Feet the Conqueror lies down. I sheath my satiated Sword; the anger'd God of War I banish hence; I am all soft as Love; Oh then be kind. Samina (whose Devotion he interrupted) started up from her Knees on a sudden, and with an austere Countenance, said, Hence thou curse of Nature, thy Lust is hotter than the Flames of Hell that wait thee. Saist thou so, my scornful Lady? Doth the Aspect of grim Death seem no more terrible than so? Madam, your Father's Blood perhaps may soften you; your Mother too shall dye; the Infants who are Innocent shall not escape my Sword; and you, obdurate Lady, who affect such a Religious Pride, shall first submit to my Embraces, and then shall be a common Strumpet to my Soldiers. But still your Beauty moves me to Compassion: If you will save your Life, your Parents, and the Infants, 'tis in your Power: Speak quickly Madam. Yes (replies she) I will speak quickly, for Consideration cannot move Samina to swerve from the Rules of Vertue. If they must perish, 'tis not in my Power to purchase their Ransom: You ask too large a Price: I cannot give my Honour for their Lives; but yet be merciful. Yes, Lady, since you waken my Revenge, I'll shew you Mercy presently; and drawing his Sword in a great Fury, went down, designing first to present her with her Father's Head, and by*

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Degrees of Cruelty win her to his Arms. But see the interposing Providence of Heaven, which protected them in the Extremity of Danger; for e'er he could accomplish his Design, the King's Party, under the Command of my Lord *Arminius*, (whom the Earl had sent for) came in to their Aid, and with such a violent Onset, assaulted the scattered Army of *Romindus*, that he overthrew them in an instant, destroying 1300, and putting the rest to Flight, among whom *Romindus* escaped. My Lord *Arminius* was with wonderful Joy received by the Earl, who informing him of the Treachery and Lust of *Romindus*, (from whose Sword he had protected him) added, that his Estate and Life were at his Lordship's Service: *Arminius*, who had long respected *Samina*, found his Desire now more eager than ever, and therefore took this Opportunity of urging his Love to her, which *Samina* and her Parents out of gratitude soon and thankfully accepted of. The Earl whose Estate was larger than my Lord's, blest him with a considerable Dowry with her, and the Nuptials were solemniz'd out of Hand.

The Charms of this chaste and beautiful *Samina* still drew after her many Admirers, whose Lust could not admit of Limitation, though they knew her fix'd, like Heaven, above the reach of the Damn'd, the Gulph of Marriage being betwixt them; but with the same Constancy, the same Loyalty to her Honour, renounc'd them all with Scorn and Detestation. After the happy Restauration of his Majesty, *Romindus* (who had hid himself from the stroke of Justice) despairing of Mercy from his too much injur'd Monarch, and wanting a supply of Money to maintain him in his Concealment, knew not what Course to take, his Life and Conscience being equally burthensome. Long he waver'd, doubting what to do, till at length, by the Suggesti-
on

On of the Devil, his Malice to *Arminius* who defeated him, and his equal Lust and Envy to *Samina*, whose Charms had tempted and deluded him, he resolv'd to enjoy her yet, to be reveng'd and dye ; but fearing the Courage of my Lord *Arminius*, in whose Arms she liv'd secure, he employ'd a Servant with a counterfeit Letter to my Lord, to acquaint him, that his Father was near the Point of Death, and required him to attend him that Evening, as he valued his Blessing. The Earl, surprized at the News, little suspected the villainous Design of *Romindus*, neither did he believe the Message to be other than real, therefore took Horse with some few Servants, and with all speed posted away to Court. *Romindus* (then but one Mile distant from the Abbey where *Samina* was left to the Charge of some Gentlemen) soon received the News of my Lord's Departure for Court, and in the Dusk of the Evening set Fire to the outer Buildings and Stables, which so surprized the Family, that all, regardless of their Lady, ran out to secure what they might, and defend the Abbey from the Flames ; but alas ! the hottest Fire was within, for his Design working to his Will, he watch'd this Opportunity of taking Possession of *Samina* in the Abbey, and securing the Doors after him, he apply'd himself to the Lady ; at the appearance of whom she swooned away, but in a small time recovered, and said, *Oh bloody Villain ! is there no Limit to your Lust and Treachery ? ---- No talking, Madam, (says Romindus) your Charms which soften'd me before, made me delay, and ruin'd me ; but now they shall not interrupt me. Madam, I am come o'er-gorg'd with Fury and Revenge ; be patient for you shall submit : Your Beauty shall plead no more ; Rapine and Slaughter both attend.* And thus saying, drew a Dagger. The Lady shrieking, was over-heard by some of her Servants, who making up towards the Door, found it shut, and thought that she might have

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have shut it to secure her self. The Fire being now
 extream violent, gave them reason to fear the Ruine
 of the Abbey, which made them all very busie and
 laborious to extinguish it, which could not be done
 without much Noise and Clamour. This pleas'd
Romindus well, for their Tumult drown'd the Cries
 of *Samina*, whom he had wounded in several Places,
 (though not mortally) imagining that the Sense of
 Torture might move her to admit of his Embraces;
 but all was without effect, for with how much the
 greater Violence and Severity he us'd her, with so
 much the greater Constancy and Chastity of Spirit
 she renounced him. After a great Reluctancy, reco-
 vering the Dagger from his Hand, she said, *You base*
and ignominious Wretch, dost think that Heaven can-
not free me from thy lewd Embraces? Yes; thus, thus,
(stabbing her self) I set my self at Liberty. My
Honour far outweighs my Life, and my Blood shall
cool the Fire that burns within thee: and thus speak-
 ing dy'd. When *Romindus* had seen the Firmness
 and Chastity of *Samina*, he turn'd his Revenge upon
 himself, and with the same Dagger stabb'd himself,
 where he was found after the Extinction of the Fire,
 with so much Life remaining in him, as to satisfie
 the Spectators with a Relation of this Tragical Hi-
 story, and then expired, breathing out his polluted
 Soul by the side of the chaste and beauteous *Samina*,
 who is left upon Record to future Ages, as an Emi-
 nent and Virtuous Defender of her Honour.

Thus the Virtue of Samina was most conspicuous and
resplendant in her greatest Extremity, who rather
chose the chaste Embraces of a cold Grave, than the
hot polluted Arms of Lustful Romindus. In Honour
of whom an English Poet thus writeth:

When

*When sinful Man from Paradise was driven,
Th' Almighty sent his Angel down from Heaven,
To guard the Tree of Life with Sword of Flame,
'Gainst all who thither on Presumption came.*

*But Fair Samina (whose forbidden Tree
Could not by Lustful Man defiled be)*

*Had no such flaming Sword sent down from Heaven
To guard her, when into Temptation driven ;
Her Vertue and her Honour were more great,
Which rather than foul Lust should separate,
In Death courageously sh'outbrav'd her Fate :
For when the Tempter fiercely did pursue,
She stabb'd her tender Breast and upwards flew,
To those unspotted Virgin Spirits Above,
Who live in a most chaste refined Love.*

HIST. III

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HIST. III.

The Vertuous *IMBRIGIS*.

The Chaste Imbrigis is contracted to Sueno, but by the Compulsion of her Father is married to Helga, a rich old Man. The Baron of Fobroch afterwards falls in love with her, and bribes her Husband that he might make an Attempt upon her Chastity. Imbrigis kills the Baron who went about to ravish her, and stabs her self: She recovers, and marries Sueno after the Death of her Husband.

IN the Reign of *Christiern* the fourth, King of Denmark, liv'd in *Copenhagen*, chief City of that Kingdom, seated in the Isle of *Zealand*, and usual Residence of its Kings, a rich old Burgher, who had two Daughters, the Elder named *Helda*, the Younger *Imbrigis*, both very beautiful Ladies, though of so different Inclinations, that it seem'd a Prodigy for one Womb to produce such different Fruits. *Helda* was as lustful as she was fair, placing her greatest Pleasure Abroad and in Company: *Imbrigis* as chaste as beautiful, and most delighted at Home in the Contemplation of Vertue, and Enjoyment of a Solitary Retirement.

These two different Beauties being ripe for Marriage, were both severally courted; but the Excellent Beauty and Vertues of *Imbrigis* had more Attractions than the Face and Riches of *Helda*; however the Father resolv'd to marry the Elder first, and accordingly disposed of her to *Ericus*, a Gentleman of a great Estate, who had some little Kindness for *Helda*, but more for her Dowry; and she more
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regard to his rich Possessions and Lordships, than his Person: however the Match was concluded, and the Marriage consummated; but true Love appeared not at this *Hymen*, neither would the Blessing of Heaven attend upon such Marriages; they both liv'd together in Adultery, spending the remainder of their Days in Discord and Infamy,

And now the old Burgher having disposed of his eldest and most beloved Daughter; he began to think of a Match for the youngest, in which he resolv'd to consult more his own Judgment and Convenience, than his Daughter's Affection and Liking. He had bestowed so large a Portion on his beloved *Helga*, that he much fireightned the Fortune of *Imbrigis*, and could not expect any great and rich Husband for her, unless such a one should be extraordinarily smitten with Love, or some great Disparity in their Years; however the Vertues and excellent Graces of *Imbrigis* had rendered her desiræable to several Persons of a suitable Condition, but none were so agreeable to the Humour of the old Burgher as to obtain his Approbation, till Fortune and blind Love brought one as unsuitable to the Youth of the Daughter, as he was acceptable to the covetous Mind of the Father.

An ancient grave Doctor named *Helga*, a Widower, and one of the Heads of the Colledge of *Sora* in that Island, being sent by the University to Court, the Wheel of his Coach broke as he pass'd by the Door of the old Burgher, who (being in his Porch) invited the Doctor into his House whilst the Coach was making fit, which *Helga* readily accepted, and there first saw the lovely and vertuous *Imbrigis*, whose Wit and Beauty had such powerful Charms over him, that notwithstanding the Snow which covered his Head, and the Chilness of fixty Winters that

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that had benumm'd his Flesh, he found the Ice which the Frost of Age had congealed about his Heart began to melt, and all the fiery Passions of a youthful Lover play in his Breast, which he strove to lay with Stoical Maxims and prudent Morals; but all proved weak and defenceless against the more powerful Artillery of Love; he finds his youthful Thoughts to spring up a new, and the Image of the Beautiful and Modest *Imbrigus* never from his Sight, which makes him renew his Visits, till by daily Converse his Flames increas'g, he was forc'd to declare to her Father his Passion, and the Desire he has of making her his Wife, who readily embraced his Motion, and commanded his Daughter to entertain him as her Lover.

And now this grave Doctor is become a Child again, ridiculously acting over at Three-score all the Follies of a Youthful Lover: He makes court to this young Virgin of Nineteen, plays with her Hands, looks old Babies in her Eyes, discourses to her of Love, Fire and Flame, and makes Verses and Sonnets in Praise of her Wit and Beauty. But whilst he thus plays the Lover and Gallant, she seems to act the Stoick and Philosopher, by representing to him the evil Effects which such unequal Marriages might produce, tells him his Flame will soon vanish and decay, and that his Love is but an *ignis fatuus*, a wandring and erroneous Fire, that will lead him at last into a thousand Inconveniencies, and precipitate him into the Pit of Jealousie; that though she should be never so vigilant and circumspect over her Actions, his Age and her Youth would give grounds for the World to asperse her Honour, though never so white and innocent; that she could not have any Passion for him, and that without Love, Marriage would be a double Yoke, and intollerable Burthen. But *Helga* was deaf to these Speeches, to the great
Grief

Grief of the modest and virtuous *Imbrigis*, who had a God to wrestle with that made Fools of wise Men, and Children of Philosophers; a God that had enkindled a more bright and celestial Flame in her Breast, than in the Heart of the grave Doctor, which made his Deformity apparent, and the Commands of her Father more terrible.

Amongst the many Conquests which her Beauty and Virtue had obtain'd, and that seemed to stand first in her Esteem and Favour of the Number of those who made their Addresses and Courtship to her, was *Sueno*, a young Gentleman of a comely Personage, and nobly descended, though a younger Brother, and of mean Fortune, (being at that time an Ensign in the Castle of *Cronnembergh*) yet in regard of the constant and sincere Love he bore to the chaste and virtuous *Imbrigis*, had the Happiness to be at last blest with a reciprocal and mutual Affection from her, and so far prevailed upon her, as to gain her Consent to the uniting of their Hearts in sacred Matrimony, so soon as her Father's Approbation should be obtained. But they both solicited the old Burgher in vain, for he would by no means hear the Suit of a needy Soldier, but more eagerly prest forward the Match with old *Helga* his Rival, whom Fortune and blind Love had now brought to interrupt his Amours.

All this the prudent *Imbrigis* was sensible of, neither was she ignorant of the covetous Inclinations of her Father; she therefore discreetly began to lessen the Hopes of *Sueno*, doubting her Duty and Obedience must take place of Love, for she was inform'd by her Father, that he had concluded the Match with *Helga*, that her Portion and Joynture was settled, and the Day prefix'd for the solemnization of their Nuptials, who commanded her to prepare for the

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the Wedding. However she was resolved first to take her Farewell, and last Meeting of her beloved *Sueno*, which she performed the Night before her Marriage. What passed betwixt these two Lovers was very moving and tender, and poor *Sueno* received her last Farewell with as great Emotion of Spirit as a condemned Criminal his Sentence of Death; however he was perswaded to preserve that Life which was not unpleasing to her.

After the Celebration of their Nuptials, *Helga* returns to *Sora*, and carries with him his beautiful and chaste Wife, who would have been priz'd as a greater Treasure by any other Person than the covetous Miser, whose short-liv'd Flame was too violent to continue.

His Age at length declares him impotent, yet the virtuous *Imbrigis* was most delighted when she could contrive any thing to the Content and Pleasure of her Husband, and declared she should enjoy more Satisfaction with him (since they were espoused) at a slender Entertainment, than to swim in the most luxurious Plenty of a Seraglio.

And now I shall proceed to shew you the many Tryals and Temptations she resisted by her Heroick Actions, which made bright her Virtues, and illuminated her Glory.

Her former Lover *Sueno* (by the Death of his elder Brother) is become Lord of a plentiful Estate at *Helmore*, where he now resides, refusing many rich Matches and beautiful Ladies, whose Charms could not deface the Image he bore in his Mind of the virtuous and chaste *Imbrigis*, whom he esteemed as a Jewel of greater Worth than all his Lands and rich Possessions. And now he rides over to *Sora*, to
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enjoy a Sight of this beautiful Image which so frequently represented it self before him, and to inform her both of his good Fortune, and firm Resolution of living only for her, still hoping that the declining Winter of Age, will at last give Place to the Spring of Youth, and that he shall be made happy in the Possession of his Love: But his Journey was in vain, for all his Artifices and **Stratagems** to speak with his beloved *Imbrigis* were defeated; she would neither be seen nor spoke to by him, as doubting that the former Sparks of her **Affection** might re-kindle at his Sight. He returned therefore to *Helsemore*, but before his Departure made shift to get this following Letter conveyed into her Hands.

Sueno to *Imbrigis*.

THough I die by your Cruelty, Divine *Imbrigis*, I cannot but admire your Virtue; and whilst I blame your Severity, I praise your Prudence and Caution; but methinks the Constancy and Purity of my Affection might have pleaded in my behalf, and have induced you to have permitted a Visit without believing it criminal; however, since 'tis your Pleasure that I leave *Sora* without seeing you, my Presence shall no more disturb your Repose. Remember me then no more, but let me be placed among the Dead in Oblivion. Let the Remembrance of this Letter be raced out of your Mind, if it be any trouble to you, though indited by the greatest Passion, and most pure and constant Affection; for since your Severity hath banished me your Heart and Memory, it shall also banish me the World and Life, which is the firm Resolution of your Faithful

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This passionate Letter mollified the Heart of *Imbrigis*, and Tears melted in her Eyes, when considering her Severity had brought him into Despair, and might endanger his Life, if not timely remedied; she resolv'd to send him an Answer to his Letter, which she thought she might do without any Breach of conjugal Faith, or transcurring the Bounds limited to Wedlock, and accordingly return'd this following Reply.

Imbrigis, to Sueno:

YOU ought not, *Sueno*, so much to admire, as approve my Severity, since 'tis only the Effect of Vertue. Did I not know the Purity of your Affection, I should not have returned you an Answer; but since the Brightness of your Flame has yielded a Light whereby I have read the Integrity of your Heart, I will believe favourably of the visit you intended me, and that you meant nothing but what was just and honourable. But I intreat you not to call my scrupulous Virtue, Cruelty, and my Denial, Tyranny; for could I have been either Cruel or Tyrannous, I might have spoke to you and seen you. No, *Sueno*, 'tis the too great Compassion I feel in my Soul, and the too great Mistrust I have of my self, that makes me seem thus severe, and not any doubt of your Vertue. Return therefore with more favourable Thoughts, and with all these Hopes that have hitherto supported you, and believe that I wish you all the Felicity the best of your Friends can wish you; and know also, that I will not forget you, but remember you as much as I can without rendring my self criminal; and believe also, that your Death would give as much Trouble, as your Life gives Content and Satisfaction to

Imbrigis.

The Triumphs of Chastity

Sueno having received this Answer, which gave ease to his troubled Spirits, returned to *Sora* with some Satisfaction ; when contemplating and admiring the Virtue of *Imbrigis*, some good Genius inspired him with Hopes, and assured him he should one Day be happy in the Fruition of that Chaste and Virtuous Lady.

Imbrigis is well pleas'd with the Departure of her beloved *Sueno*, as hoping now to enjoy an undisturbed Repose : But, alas ! Her Hopes are vain, she must yet undergo a harder Task, her Chastity must yet shine brighter, by resisting the Assaults and Batteries made upon her Virtue ; she has hitherto only encounter'd with a virtuous and chaste Love in *Sueno*, who is rather a Son of *Urania*, than *Venus* ; but now she will be expos'd to the Fury of one fully'd with Impurity.

The Baron of *Fobrock*, who liv'd in a very stately Palace, not far distant from *Sora*, (a Person very eminent at Court, and in great Favour with the King,) having several times seen the virtuous *Imbrigis* at Church, was more attentive upon her Beauty than his Devotions, the Splendor and Beams of which had heated his Breast with a lustful and impure Fire.

Greatness begets Respect, and commands an Entrance into almost all Places ; the Doors of *Helga*, which were shut to almost all the World, were opened to *Fobrock*, and *Helga* thought himself honour'd by the Visits of the Baron, whom he entertains with Freedom and Joy, hoping by the Favour and Friendship of this Nobleman and Courtier to obtain great Advancement. It was not long e'er the lustful Baron acquainted the chaste and virtuous *Imbrigis* with his Love, and made many rich Presents to

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toher, not doubting but she would surrender her Heart upon the first Summons; He believed the Beauty of *Imbrigis*, and the Age and Covetousness of *Helga*, would prove Traytors within Doors, and easily give him Admittance into the Fort and Heart of his Mistress; that the Guards of Duty and Honour were weak against such potent Adversaries, and where Love was not Commander, he might have an easie Victory. But he was much surprized to meet with such stout Resistance from the Virtuous *Imbrigis*, who received his Courtships and Addresses with Disdain, refused his Presents, and avoided his Company as a Pestilence; however he takes a Review of this impregnable Fort, but finds no other Access than by the covetous and sordid Humour of *Helga*.

He therefore feeds him with Hopes of great Preferment, and finding him a great Lover of Play, (whilst on the winning Side) he designedly, whenever he came to visit *Helga*, lost ten or twenty Crown Pieces of Gold, which so much rejoiced the Heart of the old Man, that the Sight of this Lord was as desirable to him as an Angel, and *Imbrigis* solicited him in vain not to entertain the Baron so often, intreating him to let her retire to her Fathers, or some other Place in the Country, whilst the Baron continued in those Parts, lest his frequent Visits might blemish her Honour, and blast her Reputation: But perceiving him instead of discouraging her new Lover, give him fresh Opportunities to court her, under the Colour of Play, *Imbrigis* was at last forc'd to discover to him the Baron's dishonourable Intentions, and sedulous Courtships, that he was in love with her, and had attempted her Love and Chastity. But the Sweetness of winning the Baron's Gold took away the Bitterness of Jealousie; and the Virtuous *Imbrigis* seeing that *Helga* knew not how to guard her Honour, was the more circumspect her self: She

therefore (whenever *Fobrock* came to the House) immediately lock'd her self up in her Chamber, or went to a Neighbours House, and neither the Intreaties of the Baron, or Commands of her Husband, could obtain her Presence.

But the Baron finding the Effects which Gold had over old *Helga's* Heart, and that 'twas rather his Wife's Chastity and Prudence, than his Jealousie, put a stop to, and obstructed his Sight of that Beautiful Object, he resolves to bribe the covetous old Man, and so purchase the Dishonour of his Wife; in order to which, he invites *Helga* over to his own Palace, and (his Lady being gone to the *Spaw* in Germany for the recovering of her Health) there they diverted themselves with Tables as they us'd to do, when the Baron having one Day drawn aside this old *Dotard* from all Company, he carries him into a Chamber, where on several Tables, he had laid one by one 20000 Pieces of Gold, most of them Crown-Pieces, and having fastned the Door, made him sit down before this Golden Idol, which he knew he worshipped in his Heart, and told him, *That he might, by an easie Purchase, if he pleased, become Master of all that Gold.* *Helga* was not backward to enquire which Way; to which Question the Baron reply'd, *That he must confess he was passionately in Love with his Wife, that he had courted and solicited her several Times, though without that Success some young and brisker Gallant might probably be blest with, and at an easier Purchasethan he could expect; for he knew that a Person who had seen the Change and Vicissitudes of sixty Winters, could not always satisfy the craving Desires of Youth: That he would exchange all that Gold (a real Substance) with him for one Nights Lodging with his Wife, which was no more than a transitory Pleasure; and pay one*
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Helga (whose Eyes were dazled at the Sight of this Golden Idol) after a short Pause made Answer, That he had taken a fair (though unusual) Course to obtain his Desires ; for since the Wife, her Honour, and Chastity, is the Husbands own and proper Goods, it was the better and more lawful Way to have them by the Husband's Consent, than to purloin them by corrupting the Wife, which without the Husband's Knowledge was under-band dealing, and not lawfully purchased ; that he was sensible he had bid him fairly and like a Chapman, and therefore he was willing to accept his Proffer, conditionally that he would keep it as a Secret, not only from the World, but his Wife also, which if he observ'd, he would give his Consent and Assistance.

The Baron at the ending of his Discourse embraced the old Man, and promised to perform the Condition required, and the Bargain being concluded, *Helga* returns with 10000 Crowns, laughing at the Folly of the Prodigal Baron ; he shews the Gold to his Wife *Imbrigis*, as so much won at Play, which she little thought to be the Purchase of her Honour and Chastity.

Within a few Days *Helga* visits the Baron, where all Things being in readiness, as they before had contriv'd, late in the Evening *Imbrigis* receives her Husbands Ring, with a Message from him, that he was taken with a desperate Fit of Sicknes, and that she should by that Token know it was his Desire to have her come to him immediatly in the Baron's Coach, which he had sent for her : *Imbrigis* concluded her Husband to be dying, and out of Duty went with the Messenger in the Baron's Coach,

though not without some Reluctancy, as fearing it might be some Trick of the Baron's, whose Palace she arriv'd at in the Evening, and was lighted up Stairs by the Servants, then conducted into a very stately Chamber, richly adorn'd and sweetly perfum'd, in which were several Lights, and in the midst a rich embroider'd Bed, &c.

The Servants withdraw, and whilst she steps to the Bed to seek her Husband, supposing him sick, and laid there, she spies the Baron enter the Room, and shut the Door fast. Then 'twas that the brave and heroick *Imbrigi*s (finding her self betray'd, and the Baron approaching towards her with eager Steps and open Arms) flew swiftly to the Window, and (to preserve her Honour and Chastity unblemish'd) violently dash'd her Head against the Glass, and had already got half of her Body through the Breach, when the amazed Baron caught hold of her Garments, and pull'd her Back, though not without her Face being cut and batter'd by the Glass, the Affright putting her in a Trance, that she remained senseless, and as one dead, in the Arms of the vitious Baron, who having laid her on the Bed, went to bereave her of her Honour and Chastity; but the Violence he used in the Attempt brought her to her self again, when beholding the rude Approaches of the lustful Baron, she shrieks out, and struggling with both her Hands, one of those Guardian Angels that attend on weak Innocency, and assaulted Chastity, guided her Hand to a Dagger that hung at the Side of the Ravisher, with which she first gave him a mortal Wound, and then lodg'd the fatal Steel in her own chaste and virtuous Breast, to let out that Blood she mistook to be polluted by the Baron.

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The Noise they made in this bloody Skirmish, and the Fall of their wounded Bodies from the Bed, alarm'd the Servants, who attending at the Door, rush in, and behold this fatal Sight with Amazement.

The Chyrurgions having dress'd both their Wounds, that of the Baron's prov'd mortal, and he dy'd within three Days full of Penitence and Trouble for the Evil he had caused to the chaste and virtuous *Imbrigis*; but Heaven had a greater Care of that brave Woman, the Dagger had not touch'd her Intellects, and she recovered after some Days.

The Baron before he dy'd acquitted *Imbrigis* of his Death before his Servants, and ask'd her Pardon for the Injury he had done her, his Soul being now refin'd from that Lust which before had engender'd about his Heart. He confess'd likewise the Business of *Helga*, who considering the Shame and Ignominy his ill-made Bargain had cast on his Honour and Reputation, took it so to Heart, that before *Imbrigis* could recover of her Wounds he dy'd, and left her a rich Widow.

And now the Hopes of the faithful *Sueno* revive, who had heard of the Heroick Action of his adored *Imbrigis*; and at last Heaven took pity of his constant Sufferings, and rewarded his faithful Love; for after *Imbrigis* had paid what was due to Decency and the Memory of her Husband, and remained twelve Months a Widow, she was married to *Sueno*, both spending their Days in the Fruition of their chaste Loves; he blest in a Chaste and Loyal Wife, she happy in a Faithful and Loving Husband.

The Triumphs of Chastity.

As the charming Pleasures of Innocence and Serenity of Mind, are visible Inhabitants of those Hearts consecrated to Virgin Chastity; so in respect of its Prevalency over the Minds of its Votaries, it makes riper Age continue incontaminate, and the Matrimonial Liberty undefiled, as we have seen in the precedent Example of the virtuous and constant Imbrigitis.

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HIST. IV.

Van Zwerts and Marinda.

Jacob Van Zwerts, after many signal Proofs of his Chastity, takes shipping for Spain, but in his Voyage is taken Prisoner by the Turks, and sold to Ali Pigget a Turkish Merchant, whose Sister falling in love with Jacob, solicits him to Debauchery, and upon his refusal of her lewd Embraces, accuseth him of a Rape: Ali Pigget being sensible of her Treachery, first stabs her, then gives Van Zwerts his Liberty, who soon after his Arrival at Spain is married to the vertuous and beautiful Marinda, who by a notable Stratagem preserved her Chastity.

Not many Years since at Rotterdam, a Port-Town in Holland, one of the United Provinces belonging to the States, lived Jacob Van Zwerts, second Son to the Heer Van Zwerts, a very wealthy and creditable Merchant, of ancient and reputable Extraction. Jacob Van Zwerts (whose Virtue and Chastity was as remarkable as any left upon the Records of Time) being weary of the Debaucheries of that City, to which he was often and frequently solicited by some extravagant Youths of his former Acquaintance, did by the next Opportunity resolve for Spain, whether he might retire with an intimate Acquaintance of his Father's, and reap the peaceable Enjoyment of himself and his Virtue. While his Father was weighing the Consequence of this Design, the unpleasant News had reach'd the Ears of the roaring Debauchees, his late Companions, who having let loose the Reins of Sobriety and Vertue, had

The Triumphs of Chastity.

had plung'd themselves into the greatest Exorbitancy, and therefore nothing could be more unwelcome than the Desertion of one of their beloved Associates, on whom (as he was rich) they had some flattering Hopes of Dependance, and therefore were resolv'd, it possible, to convert him to themselves; to which End they sent for him in the Names of some later Friends, (of whom he was less shie) to drink with him at the *Sun-Tavern* not far Distant from his Fathers, not doubting thereby to prevent his Voyage to Spain. *Van Zwerts* (according to their Request) went to them, where he found them caressing each one his Strumper, and using even the most immodest and lewdest Actions. They observed *Van Zwerts*, that his Eye was fix'd, and his Countenance austere, as declaring the inward Resentments of his Mind; yet however they presented him with one of the most beautiful of their Company; but he declared his Aversion to such Lewdness, saying, *Gentlemen, Have ye neither Sense of Honour, Virtue, nor Conscience? Think ye that Justice sleeps for ever? No, Heaven will be speedily mov'd, lay all its Mercy down, take up revenging Bolts of Thunder, and dash all such profligate Offenders to inevitable Ruin: Why then---* But as he would have proceeded, they interrupted him, and said, *What, Jacob, always preaching! will you never give over canting? Let dull Religious Fools, who never knew the Sweets of stolen Pleasures, be ty'd to the strict Rules of Virtue; but Love's a roving Libertine, scales the weak Battlement which Virtue raises, and tramples upon Honour, to obtain a Place safe in the Arms of Beauty. Alas! thou art lost, thou huntest after Shadows, and followest imaginary Heavens, while we have ours in Possession. 'Tis ill trusting to Castles in the Air, or, like Astrologers, have twelve Houses they know not where, yet never a one for themselves to live in. No, 'tis we alone enjoy Honour, Beauty, Happiness, and Heaven.*

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ven on Earth. To which *Jacob* reply'd, O prophane Wretches! Have you no Remorse of Conscience? What Means--- But they interrupting him said, Go preach Conscience to the Spaniard; 't might perhaps make him less proud, though no ways abate his amorous Inclinations, for he'd love his *Wench* in spite of Fate, or twenty Consciences; and so dismiss him.

Van Zwerts remain'd unshaken in his Resolutions, and hastning his Voyage, embark'd the Night following; but e'er he had reach'd the Coasts of *Spain*, he was taken by a *Turkish* Pirate, (whose Power they were not able to resist) and straitway convey'd to *Turkey*, and (as Providence had appointed) sold Slave to *Ali Pigget*, a *Turkish* Merchant, formerly a Correspondent of his Father's, which *Ali Pigget* by questioning him concerning his Countrey, Education, and Extraction, found out, but did not discover it to *Van Zwerts*, only pretending Civility on the Account of his Learning, (for he was a good Linguist, and an excellent Penman and Accomptant) he employ'd him as Steward of his House. *Ali Pigget*'s Eye was always severe and strict over *Van Zwerts* and his own Sister, (whose Modesty he had Reason to suspect) judging that she who had formerly so little Respect to her Honour as to admit of the lewd Embraces of a common Slave, would not be backward in promoting her lustful Inclinations to such a qualified Person as *Van Zwerts*; neither was his Suspicion or Jealousie in vain, for she omitted no Opportunity of spreading her Charms to catch the Heart of *Van Zwerts*, neither was she asham'd to tell him many times, that he was a Person of the most winning and obliging good Nature, that he had fir'd her Heart, and she should never know any greater Happiness than to be blest in his Embraces. Thus she often assaulted him, but found her amorous Passion still defeated by the Chastity of the virtuous *Van Zwerts*;

Zwerts; yet she resolv'd with all the Power and Charms imaginable, and the strongest Temptations of Lust, once more to besiege his Vertue, which she did in this Manner.

Ali Pigget being to ride out of Town some Miles distant about his Merchandize, she thought it her best and securest Time to put in Practice her unchaste Design. Accordingly upon the Departure of *Ali Pigget*, she ordered *Van Zwerts* to wait on her at her Chamber within the Space of half an Hour at farthest: *Van Zwerts* (whose Honour was his Guard) suspected not the lew'd Intentions of this Lady, but went into her Chamber, where finding her in Bed, began to retire, when she call'd to him as to speak with him, and laying hold on his Hand, said sighing, *Jacob, haste thou no Sense nor Compassion for a poor suffering Lover? must I for ever burn in these hot Flames, and will you never yield to cool my Passions? Fye! leave these youthful Blushes, and come in to thy Lovers Arms. --- Not for ten thousand Worlds,* reply'd *Van Zwerts*; and so striving to withdraw his Hand, she turn'd her Lust to Revenge, crying out, *A Rape! A Rape!* *Ali Pigget* suspected her Design, and therefore return'd immediately after his Departure, and conceal'd himself in the next Apartment to the Chamber they were in, he heard her lustful Courtship, and his chaste Answer, and upon her crying out, went in, and with his Sword stabb'd her in that Bed which she design'd for the Consummation of her Lust; and as a Reward for *Van Zwerts's* Fidelity and Chastity, bad him ask any thing in his Power, it should be granted him.

Jacob, who still longed to see *Spain*, begg'd (since his Bounty did extend so far) that he would give him his Liberty, and fit him for that Voyage. *Ali Pigget* (to whom *Jacob's* Father had sent 2000 Cobs for

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Hist. IV. Van Zwerts and Marinda. 33

for his Ransom) gave him his Liberty with his Ransom. *Van Zwerts* taking shipping, in a short time arrived at *Spain*, where he had not long resided e'er he found his Breast heated with Love, and his Inclinations and Affections tend towards the virtuous and fair *Marinda*, whose unblemish'd Chastity in *Spain* was most Conspicuous, and spread far on the Wings of Fame. She was indeed the Mirrour of her Age, and had as large a Share of Beauty as any in that Countrey could boast of, which probably might occasion her more Temptations to try her Chastity, than others who were less Beautiful ; for in the civil Wars, when Rapine was fierce and prevalent, and Virgins knew not by what Means to resist or reclaim the Extravagances of enraged Soldiers, she by a notable Stratagem (tho' very irksome to her self) preserved her Chastity, which she effected in this Manner: Under her Arm-pits she plac'd raw Beef, and retain'd it there till by the Heat of her Body it became so loathsome that none could endure to come within her Sight, much less endure her Embraces.

The Relation of this, and the like Triumphs of her Chastity, well pleased *Van Zwerts*, who after the Formalities of Courtship (which he was well vers'd in) obtain'd her Consent, and was espoused to her, returning shortly after to his Father's House in *Rotterdam*, who in a short time after his Son's Return dy'd, and left him Master of a plentiful Estate, upon which this chaste Couple liv'd many Years happily. Such are the Rewards of Heaven here frequently to them who become strict Votaries of Chastity and Virtue.

Thus we have seen in divers Examples, the eminent Rewards of Chastity, by the Mercy and Providence that

that attends upon Conjugal Faith, and Matrimonial Loyalty; for as Chastity, Friendship, and the other Branches of a virtuous Life, do carry some part of their Reward in the Pleasure of their Performances, so Constancy and Perseverance in the same, crowns our Fidelity with the Consummation of a perfect and glorious Fidelity.

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